

Ovid's Tristia.

CONTAINING

FIVE BOOKS

O F *Ovidius Naso* (P.
K)

Mournful Elegies:

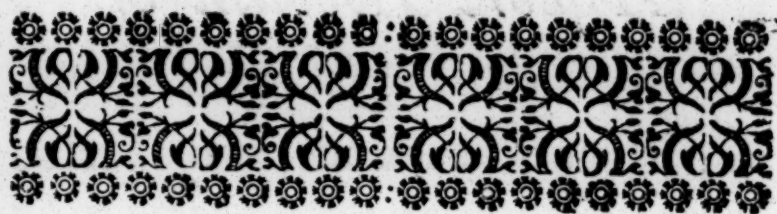
WHICH

He sweetly Compos'd in the
midst of his Adversity, while
he Liv'd in *Tomos*, a City of
Pontus, where he Died, after
Seven Years Banishment from
ROME.

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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A

Short Account

OF THE

L I F E

OF

O V I D.

*P*ublius Ovidius Naso, the Author of the ensuing Elegies, descended from a very ancient Patri-
cian Family; his Father was a Roman
A 3 Knight,

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Knight, a Gentleman of much Worth and Prudence, and exerted those Qualities in the Care he took of his Son's Education, who happened to come into the World the very same Day that *Hirtius* and *Pansa*, the Two Roman Consuls, both falling in Battle, departed out of it. The Place of his Nativity was *Sulmo*, a small Town in *Italy*, only noted before the Birth of *Ovid*, for cool Springs, and charming Rivulets; here the Father of that Celebrated Wit had a *Villa*, whose Beauty and agreeable Situation might Inspire the Son with Thoughts not averse to Love and Poetry. His tender Years were spent in the Retirement of this Rural Life; but becoming fit for more Manly Impressions, he left his Paternal

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ternal Solitude, in order to receive all the Advantages of Education, which *Rome*, then the Imperial City of the World, could give him : His Tutors, after he came to Years of Discretion, were the most Famous *Grammarians*, and *Rhetoricians* of their time, amongst whom we find *Plotius Grippo*, Celebrated for the Art of Instructing Youth. The Commands of his Father, the Admonitions of his Tutors, and the Example of his Elder Brother, a Youth of great Hopes, obliged our Young Poet to make some Advances towards the Bar ; but his Head was turned another Way, and he was forc'd to dissemble the Bent of his Inclinations, which was entirely to the Service of the Muses. But this Imposition on his Natural Ge-

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nus, lasted not long, his Father and Elder Brother dying soon after his writing Man, he threw off the Mask, and set himself free from a Constraint that created him a great deal of Pain. But tho' the Loss of these near Relations, gave him the Liberty to devote himself to a Study he was passionately fond of, and the Means of making a Figure, whilst he pursued those Studies suitable to his Birth and Quality, yet he lamented their Death with a remarkable Tendernefs and Piety: But as the Sense of Grief naturally decays, especially in Minds addicted to Pleasure, so his Melancholy Hours wore away, after he had paid a just Respect to the Memory of the Dead; and he entirely Dedicated his Hours to the Blandishments

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ments of Love and Poetry, his Soul was so passionately fix'd on these agreeable Amusements, that he forgot both Interest and Ambition; and tho' he advanc'd neither his Fortune nor his Quality, he thought himself sufficiently happy if his Mistress and his Muse, received him with their kindest Carresses: 'Twas amongst the Ladies, or in his Study, that he spent all the Hours of his Life; and as he had the good Fortune to please the Fair, so he had the Happiness to acquire an Immortal Reputation for the Beauty and Softness of his Numbers; no Man ever had the Art to discover his Passion more naturally, or had a more irresistible Way of pleasing his Charming Audience, whether he
told

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told his Story in Prose or Verse, he found none but the Dumb insensible of his Complaints. And some are of Opinion, if he had been less Successful in his Amorous Adventures, he would have been one of the happiest, as well as the greatest Poets of his Age. Indeed it must be acknowledged, that this Wit, the *Roman*, had the Way to charm his Mistresses, but he had not the same good Fortune with his Wife; the first he ventured on, was lavish and profuse, and pure good Husbandry oblig'd him to repudiate her Bed, in order to save his Estate from the ill Consequences that would have attended her Extravagancy. The Second had the same Fate as she that went before her, for what Cause 'tis difficult

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ficult to conjecture, since her Husband thought it not proper to let the World know the Motives that occasion'd her Disgrace. But the Third and Last of his Wives, by an unshaken Fidelity and Virtue, made him some Amends for the Defects of the former, her Faith continued firm, when Heaven, the Emperor, and his Friends, abandon'd him, and by a rare Example of conjugal Piety, made herself worthy of that Immortality the Poems of her Husband bestow'd upon her; by this Lady, *Ovid* had a Daughter named *Perilla*, who, as well as her Mother, surviv'd the Obsequies of her Father. This Ingenious Author had now flourish'd a long Time in the Court of *Augustus*, Beloved by the Ladies, Esteemed

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steemed by the greatest Wits in *Rome*, and particularly valued by all the Poets of his Time, who had the Honour of his Acquaintance. Envy never durst attempt to fix malicious Reflections on any of his Works, and he enjoyed (according as he himself observed) that Fame alive, which few, tho' the best of Poets, are possess'd of, till after their Decease ; he was Curteous and Good-natur'd to all Persons of Learning, his Contemporaries, and he had the great good Happiness to find returned to himself, the same Respect paid to others ; *Macer* and *Poriticus* were his intimate Acquaintance, and he was joined in the strictest Friendship with *Horace* and *Propertius*, all the World seemed to
Smile

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Smile upon him, when unexpected Fortune, who had been as kind to him as e'er a Lady in *Rome*, assum'd a severer Air, and the unlucky Bard incur'd the Emperor's displeasure, and was Banish'd to *Tomos*, a City in *Pontus*, Situated on the Banks of the *Isther*, not far from the Mouth of that River, where it discharges itself into the *Euxine* Ocean: The Cause of his Disgrace is variously and doubtfully reported; some Authors ascribe it to his writing the *Art of Love*, but this is Improbable, for the Prudence of *Augustus* would never have permitted him to have been Guilty of so Partial an Action, as to send into Exile a Poet, for a little too wantonly describing a Passion, which he himself,

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self, and his Beloved *Livia*, each Moment most Criminally submitted to others; impute this Misfortune to be the Consequence of his being belov'd by the Princess *Julia*, but this Story carries as little an Air of Conviction as the former; for 'tis notorious, that Lady was not in the least nice of her Person; and if *Ovid* had suffered upon her Account, others in all Likelyhood would have undergone the same Fate; and 'tis most certain that *Tomos* would have been very well Peopled with Noble *Romans*, if every Man of Quality had been Banish'd thither, who had received the Honour of her Embraces. What seems to come nearest the Truth, is, that this unfortunate Gentleman being well
beloved

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beloved at Court, and having a very easie Access into the Royal Palace, unluckily happened to be acquainted with some Criminal Secret of the Emperors, so was Banish'd by him, rather out of Precaution than Revenge. This Notion *Ovid* seems to insinuate himself, through the whole Course of these Elegies, and consequently excuses himself as an Unhappy, but not a Guilty, Person, and to the last retain'd Hopes of his having his Banishment recalled, but this was a Favour he could never obtain, either in the Time of *Augustus*, or his Successors, tho' he used the utmost Efforts of himself and his Friends to that Purpose; he Dy'd in the 57th Year of his Age, and in the 7th Year of his Banishment

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Banishment, much lamented, even by the Barbarous People, amongst whom he spent the last Hours of his Life, who paid him all the Honours of a Magnificent Funeral ; such Force had the Sweetness of his Temper, and the Inimitable Softness of his Verse, and this may be justly offered without Flattery to his Memory, that no Man ever writ more naturally than *Ovid*, nor could young *Cupid* himself have mended the Author's *Art of Love*, though that God had been assisted by *Apollo* and the *Muses*.

THE

THE

THE
First BOOK
OF
P. Ovidius Nasoe's
MOURNFUL
ELEGIES.

The ARGUMENT.

*In this sad Elegy at large,
Ovid lays on his Book a Charge
To visit Rome, and bear a Face
Such as may suit with Time and Place.*

ELEGY I.

MY little Book, go view Imperial Rome,
Where your most wretched Lord must
(never come :
No gilded Leaves let your sad Pages show,
But wear a Dress consistent with your Woe :
Nor yet your Leaves adorn with Purple Juice,
That Colour littles suits a Mourner's Use :
Paint not your Title with Vermillion Dye,
To catch the Sight, and please the admiring Eye.
B No

No Oyl of Cedar to your Leaves allow,
 Nor bear White Beauties on your Sable Brow :
 Such Ornaments may happier Books invest ;
 But be you like your wretched Fortune drest.
 Your Forehead with no Pumice-Stone make Fair,
 Loose be your Dress, and negligent your Air :
 Blush at no Blot which on your Face appears ;
 For some may think it happen'd by my Tears.
 Go Book, salute the City in my Name ;
 By you conducted I'll return in Fame :
 And if among the numerous Crowd some few,
 Remembring *Ovid*, ask you how I do ?
 Return this Answer ; tell them that I live,
 And that my God this Life doth freely give :
 But if they more demand, tenacious be,
 And speak not what should be conceal'd by thee.
 Perchance by some I shall be guilty thought,
 And angry Readers will resent my Fault,
 Defend me not, nor plead my Innocence ;
 A guilty Cause is heightned by Defence.
 Others you'll find who will my Fate lament,
 And, when in private, mourn my Banishment,
 Who often wish, (did so *Augustus* please)
 Some lighter Suffering might his Wrath appease.
 And may my Friends propitious Fortune bless,
 Who pray for *Cæsar's* pitying my Distress :
 May they succeed, and Fate permit that I
 Recall'd, may in my Native Country die.
 But some, I know, my Book will proudly blame,
 And think it far inferiour to my Fame :
 But who with Reason Time and Matter weighs,
 May think my Numbers justly merit praise.
 Smooth Verses from an easy Fortune flow,
 My troubled Verse is intermix'd with Woe :
 Leisure the Muses ask, and gentle Ease ;
 But I am toss'd by angry Winds and Seas.

Verse

Verse made in Fear can ne'er to Heaven aspire ;
 The frighted Poet loses half his Fire :
 But yet an equal Judge my Verse may move,
 Pitying my Fortune, he'll my Works approve.
 Had *Homer* been such various Ways distress'd,
 His wretched Fortune had his Wit suppress'd :
 Then unconcern'd Neglect an Idle Fame,
 And slight the Pleasure of an empty Name.
 Since unpropitious Fate has cruel been,
 Praises are Vain, and senseless all Esteem :
 In happier Hours, 'tis true, I courted Fame,
 Fondly ambitious of a Poet's Name.
 But now my Numbers I, and Study hate,
 Cause of my Woes and this forelorn Estate :
 But go my Book, I thee my Place assign,
 And wou'd to God I cou'd not call thee mine.
 Tho' as a Stranger you approach to *Rome*,
 You cannot to the People be unknown :
 Had you no Title, yet your Front will shew,
 And Sable Brow the Author and his Woe.
 Yet enter secretly, lest some disdain
 My Verse, no longer in the Mouth of Fame :
 But if some few with Envy Curs'd, or Age,
 Throw you away in an affected Rage.
 Tell them my Numbers no Love-Tales indite,
 Nor yet of Virgins and their Lovers write :
 Perhaps you think, on some high Errand bent,
 You are to *Cæsar's* Rich Appartment sent.
 Oh ! do not to those Sacred Heights aspire,
 From whence I fell, struck with Cœlestial Fire :
 The easy Gods did once my Wishes hear,
 Now I their Rage and just Resentments fear.
 Thro' passive Air the wounded Pidgeon springs,
 Frighted to hear the Hawk's resounding Wings ;
 And tender Lambs in Safety got away
 From greedy Wolves, are fearful how they stray.

Nor wou'd rash *Phaeton*, were he now alive,
 Desire his Fathers hot-mouth'd Steeds to drive :
 Thus having felt the Bolt's Immortals Throw,
 I fear the Fury of a Second Blow ;
 Who in the *Grecian* Army split before,
 Will shift his Sails from the *Eubæan* Shore :
 And so my shatter'd Bark the Coast will shun,
 Where first the Storm of my ill Fate begun.
 Be prudent then, and take precautions Heed ;
 It is enough if thee the Vulgar read :
Icarus too high soar'd on cemented Plumes,
 And thence the *Icarian* Seas a Name assumes.
 But hard it is to counsel or direct,
 Where Time and Place will learn you just Respect.
 For if you see that *Cæsar's* Wrath be spent,
 And that his Temper is to Mildness bent ;
 Or if some Courtier you to *Cæsar* show,
 Concern'd for me, with lucky Omens go,
 And to my sorrow bring a kind Relief,
 To ease my Mind of my too weighty Grief.
 For he by whom I did my Wounds sustain,
 Can, like *Achilles*, cause and cure my Pain :
 My Hopes are small, and Fears perplex my Mind,
 Doubtful I may severer Usage find.
 Take Care you wake not his revengful Ire,
 Kindling his sleepy Vengeance into Fire :
 But if secure you to my Study get,
 And once upon the gilded Shelves are set,
 There you shall see your numerous Brothers stand,
 All brought to Life by one Life-giving Hand :
 The several Books are by their Titles known,
 Their various Names upon their Foreheads shewn.
 Three Volumes, touching Love's Mysterious Art,
 You'll meet with there, the Cause of all my Smart :
 Tell them, if Fate allows you Breath to tell,
 That by his Son unhappy *Laius* fell :

And

And if your Parents Words have Power to move,
 Love none of these, although they teach to love :
 Of Bodies chang'd I Fifteen Books compil'd,
 Scarce finish'd when the Author was exil'd.
 Bid them among their varied Forms relate
 The cruel Turn of my unhappy State :
 My wretched Fortune I with Tears deplore,
 Not now serene and easy as before,
 More I could add, but Time flies swift away,
 And numerous Words will make you longer stay :
 Should you the Sum of all my Sorrows bear,
 You'd tire the Reader with my endless Care :
 Make haste, be gone, whilst here I grieve alone,
 Lamenting in a Country not my own.

The ARGUMENT.

*Whilst Fears of Shipwrack all amaze,
 He to the Gods devoutly prays,
 Describes the Tempest and his Fears,
 And Heaven at last his Wishes bears.*

ELEGY II.

YE Gods Marine, for what remains but Prayer?
 Be pleas'd at last our weary Bark to spare :
 Be not offended all for *Cæsar's* sake,
 Tho' some's displeas'd others may Pity take.
Mars hated *Troy*, *Apollo* did defend
 The *Trojans*, and fair *Venus* was their Friend :
 And tho' Bold *Turnus Juno* did respect,
 Yet *Cytheræa* did her Son protect.

Tho' *Neptune* still *Uliſſes* Ruin ſought,
 Yet him *Minerva* to a Harbour brought :
 And tho' to them I far inferior be,
 The ſame indulging Fate may ſmile on me.
 But 'tis in vain, and to the Winds I ſpeak ;
 For o'er my Face the angry Billows break :
 And now the Southern Winds ſo cruel are,
 They'll not permit the Gods to hear my Pray'r ;
 But, doubly hurtful, with too furious Gales
 Diſperſe my Prayers, and tear my ſhatter'd Sails :
 The Towing Waves as high as Atlas rowl,
 And ſeem to daſh with Briney Surge the Pole.
 Then quick as Thought the riſing Billows fell,
 And Vallies ſhew'd low as the Deeps of Hell :
 But Sea and Air my Eyes no Object view,
 And both my ruin greedily purſue.
 Their Various Force contending Winds diſplay,
 The Waves are doubtful which they ſhould obey :
 Now to the Eaſt bluff *Eurus* draws the Air :
 Now Western Gales to diff'rent Courſes bear.
 Rough *Boreas* ſallies from the Northern Wain,
 And Southern Whirlwinds fight him on the Main :
 Our trembling Pilot knows not how to ſteer ;
 His Reaſon's loſt and bury'd in his Fear.
 Perish we muſt, and Hope of Life's no more,
 Even whiſt I ſpeak the ſwelling Billows roar,
 Daſh in my Mouth and beat my ſickning Brows,
 Whiſt to the Gods I make my Fervent Vows.
 At Home my Wife does my ſad Fate relent,
 And grieves the Hardſhips of my Banishment.
 But little knows the Fair, ſo Soft and Kind,
 The ſudden Death I'm likely here to find.
 And were ſhe here in the ſame Ship with me,
 My Grief for her a Second Death wou'd be :
 Tho' now I die I ſhall in her ſurvive,
 And in my Better Half be yet alive.

But

But see quick Light'ning breaks a Sable Cloud,
 And Thunder follows roaring out aloud :
 And now the Waves upon our Vessel beat,
 Others succeeding as the first retreat :
 The latest still swell higher than the rest,
 And their Alternate Rage is thus exprest :
 I fear not Death, but am concern'd that I
 Should here by Shipwrack in this manner die.
 Happy's the Man whom Feavourish Ills invade,
 Whose Body in its Native Earth is laid ;
 Who of his lonesome Grave in Peace possesseth,
 Does undisturb'd by greedy Fishes rest.
 But grant my Sufferings I deserve to bear
 Shall all the rest my dreadful Ruin share :
 Ye Seagreen Gods, that do these Waves command,
 Take off in Mercy your avenging Hand ;
 And let me bear this Life, repleat with Woe,
 To distant Climes, where *Cæsar* bids me go ;
 But if too rigorous you my Death design,
 And on my Faults lay that Excessive Fine,
 Consider *Cæsar* grants me longer Breath ;
 No Aid he wanted to inflict my Death :
 For if my Blood that Emp'ror meant to spill,
 My Life's the Humble Tenure of his Will.
 But Gracious Powers, whom I did here offend,
 Have Pity on me, and to Mercy bend :
 For tho' you save me in this dire Distress,
 My Fate's severe, scarce is my Ruin less.
 What if the Billows gentle prove and kind,
 I shall my self a banish'd Wand'rer find :
 In Hopes of Wealth I sail not o'er the Main,
 Nor fond of Riches plough the Azure Plain.
 Not *Athens* I, for Learning fam'd, explore,
 Nor Wealthy Towns near *Asia's* fertile Shore ;
 To *Thæbes* not I, nor *Alexandria*, go,
 To see the *Nile's* Seven Silver Channels flow.

What I desire are gentle Gales to land
 Me, free from Shipwrack, on *Samartia's* Sand :
 Tho' to the cruel Pontick Coast I'm sent,
 I yet complain of tardy Banishment ;
 And to sad *Tomos* forc'd in haste away,
 I to the Gods for speedy Passage pray :
 Ye Heavenly Powr's, if so your Godheads please,
 Allay the Fury of the Angry Seas :
 Or if You hate me, bring me to the Earth,
 Which soon will end my Banishment in Death :
 Then bear me hence, what Reason keeps me here,
 Where *Italy's* high Rocks in sight appear ?
 Why am I stopt, by Godlike *Cæsar* sent,
 Unto the Pontick Shore in Banishment ?
 Guilty, I can't my Innocence defend,
 But with Submission to his Sentence bend.
 Yet if the Gods are conscious of our Thoughts,
 No ill Intent gave Being to my Faults :
 They know that Errors led my Sense astray,
 And Follies did my harmless Mind betray.
 If to his House I always paid respect,
 And pray'd the Gods his Person to protect ;
 If to *Augustus* I have humbly bow'd,
 And for his Safety numerous Offerings vow'd ;
 Your Pity, Gods, as I'm sincere, I crave ;
 Deep in the Seas, if perjur'd, make my Grave :
 But stay, methinks the Clouds away are blown,
 And the Sea's vanquish'd Rage is over blown.
 The Gods, whom I upon these Terms ador'd,
 Whose Aid my Pray'rs religiously implor'd,
 Can't be deceiv'd, and now their Help afford. }

The ARGUMENT.

*When the malicious Fatal Hour was come,
In which the Poet must abandon Rome,
His own, his Wife's, and Servants Grief he shews,
And draws the Scene of their Domestick Woes.*

ELEGY III.

WHEN Thought that Night to my Remem-
brance calls,
The last in which I saw the *Roman* Walls;
That Night which cost me all I held most dear,
Then from my Eyes there slides a Briny Tear.
And now the Morning dawn'd, when I no more,
By *Cesar's* Doom, must view the *Italian* Shore:
But yet I could not think upon my Way,
By Fate decreed, my Mind still fought Delay.
Servants, nor yet Companions did I chuse,
Nor Cloaths, nor Money proper for my Use:
Like one I stood that bears a Weighty Blow,
Yet lives, uncertain if he lives or no:
But when these Clouds of Sorrow were o'er blown,
And all my Senses were more able grown,
I bid Farewel to each Lamenting Friend,
And few they were did this last Scene attend:
Me, my sad Wife did mournfully embrace,
A Shower of Tears fast trickling down her Face.
My Daughter absent on *Numidia's* Shore,
Could not her Father's Banishment deplore.
Thro'out the House deep Groans and Sighs were
As if some Funeral Pomp in sight appear'd. (heard,
My Wife, my Children, all express their Woe,
And forrowing Friends their Grief in Corners shew.

If Humble Cares my great Example broke,
 Such was the Face of Things when *Troy* was took;
 Deep was the Awful Silence of the Night,
 The Silver Moon shin'd out serenely bright.
 When looking on High *Jove's* Imperial Fane,
 Which to my House Contiguous was in vain:
 You Gods, said I, which these Fair Seats enfold,
 And Temples, which I must no more behold;
 Oh all you Powers, whom I must quickly leave,
 These my last Prayers Indulgently receive:
 Tho' wounded I a Buckler use too late,
 Let Exile ease me of the Peoples Hate;
 Tell *Cæsar* by Mistake I did offend,
 And undesigning did no Crime intend:
 You know I'm Guiltless, let him know so too,
 That soft Compassion may his Ire subdue.
 But to the Gods my Wife made longer Prayers,
 Until her Speech was stopt by Sighs and Cares;
 Then falling down, with flowing Hair she spread,
 And kist the Earth on which the Fire was dead;
 And to her Household Gods Devoutly pray'd,
 With Vows which little now her Husband aid:
 Now rising Night spread o'er the *A'etherial* Plain,
 And *Arctos* now had turn'd the Golden Wain.
 I lingred, loath to lose my Country's Sight,
 Yet this for Exile was the appointed Night:
 If any urg'd my haste, I strait reply,
 Consider whence, and to what Place I fly;
 I then with Flattery did my Cares beguile,
 Thinking no Hour did limit my Exile:
 Thrice I went out, and Thrice returning found
 With Pain and Care, I left my Native Ground.
 Oft having bid Farewel, I spoke again,
 And many parting Kisses gave in vain:
 Then on repeated Orders I enlarge,
 And tire my Children with their Former Charge.
Why

Why make we haste? I should protract my Doom
 Since we for *Scythia* must abandon *Rome*:
 I'm forc'd to leave my Children, House and Wife,
 Who tho' I live, must lead a Widow's Life,
 And you, my Friends, whose constant Faith I know,
 Like that of *Theseus*, can't be chang'd by Woe:
 Let us Embrace, and use Time's little Store,
 Perhaps these Arms shall ne'er embrace you more:
 My Mournful Words to Action then gave Place,
 And sorrowing I did every Friend embrace:
 But whilst I spoke, and sorrow swell'd my Eyes,
 The Fatal Morning-Star began to Rise.
 The hated Signal pierc'd each trembling Part,
 Shot thro' my Head, when wounded Deep my Heart
 So *Priam* look'd, and with malicious Joy
 The *Grecian* Troops set Fire to helpless *Troy*.
 Then Sorrow was in one loud Cry express'd,
 And each with Passion beat his pensive Breast;
 And now my Wife her Arms about me cast,
 And whilst I wept, spoke these sad Words at last.
 Where-ever Fate does thy sad Lot decree,
 In Death or Banishment, I'll follow thee:
 In the same Ship with you I'll go abroad,
 To each one Common Air shall Life afford.
Cæsar's Resentments you to Exile doom,
 Love makes me quit the Palaces of *Rome*:
 This she repeats, which she had spoke before,
 And could not be perswaded to give o'er;
 At last with ragged Hair and Garments rent,
 Out like some Living Funeral I went:
 But when at length the wretched Day withdrew,
 Raving with Grief my Wife distracted threw,
 Her Bosom on the Earth all wet and bare,
 And swept the Pavement with her Amber Hair:
 Rising, she Mourn'd, her God's, herself, and all,
 And on her Husband did successless call;
Equally

Equally grieving at my sad Exile,
As if she'd seen me on my Funeral Pile :
She wishes Death, that she may cease to grieve,
Yet soon repents, and for my Sake wou'd live ;
And may she live whilst I repent my Fate,
Ready to help me in this wretched State :
The Morning now display'd her Golden Beams
And gave fresh Light to Heaven, Earth, Air and
(Streams.

And now Embark'd, we plough'd the raging deep,
Whilst there the Winds their dreadful Revels keep :
To fable Waves the azure Billows turn,
And beaten Sands, urg'd by the Tempest burn ;
When straight a Wave thro' all our Quarters rowl'd,
Broke o'er our Gods, and sunk into the Hold :
The Rigging snapp'd, the wearied Timbers crack,
As if the Ship lamented her own Wrack.
The Pilot's paleness shew'd his inward Fear,
Not knowing how, he ceases quite to Steer :
A Jockey, thus unable to restrain
His Headstrong Horse, lets loose the slackned Rein :
So he the Helm permitted to the Seas,
Leaving the Ship to drive as Fate shou'd please ;
And had not soon sprung up fresh Northern Gales,
We'd fell astern with our returning Sails :
Illiria falling on our Starboard side,
We came in sight of *Ostia's* swelling Tide.
Cease then, you Winds, to drive me on that Shore,
'Tis *Cæsar's* Will we shou'd come there no more :
Fearful of that which I did most desire,
I saw the Waves up to our Masts aspire.
Spare me, ye Gods Marine, some Mercy shew,
It is enough that *Cæsar* is my Foe :
Permit me not to each insulting Wave,
If by your Power you can the Wretched save.

The

The ARGUMENT.

*The Poet writes to him he found,
Only sincere when Fortune frozen'd,
Whose constant Love was just and bold,
Faithful & warm when all his Friends were cold.*

ELEGY IV.

MY Friend, your Kindness first shall be made
(known,
Who pity'd me and made my Case your own :
When bending with a Load of wretched Grief,
Your soft persuasions brought me kind Relief.
Life you advis'd when desperate with Woe,
I long'd for Quiet in the Grave below :
'Tis true, your Name I constantly conceal,
But your Remembrance will the Fact reveal :
Nor from my Breast shall Time or Chance remove
The various Acts of your repeated Love :
My Soul shall vanish into empty Air,
My Body to the Funeral Pile repair,
E're I forget your Faith sincerely kind,
Fixt in my Heart, and rooted in my Mind :
But may the easy Gods to you encline,
And grant your Fate may not resemble mine.
But on my Bark had gentle Breezes blown,
Your constant Faith and Love had been unknown :
The Love of *Thesus* ne'er *Perithous* found,
Till both together trod the Infernal Ground.
Phoeus his Love perchance had ne'er exprest,
Had not *Orestes* angry Powers distress :
And had *Eurialus* 'scapt the daring Foe
Of *Nisus* Love who would the Story know ?

As

As Yellow Gold the fiercest Fire approve,
 So adverse Fate the Standard is of Love :
 Whilst Fortune smiles with an obliging Air,
 Our numerous Friends are both serene and fair.
 But if she frowns, and sullenly appears,
 Not in ten thousand one the Wretched cheers :
 This which before I from Example drew,
 My own unhappy Fate confirms for true.
 Friends to my abject Fortune few remain,
 They lov'd my Wealth, my wretched Self disdain :
 Then let those Generous Friends assist me more,
 And bring my Vessel safely to the Shore.
 But let not Cares disturb my faithful Friend,
 For fear his Friendship *Cæsar* should offend :
 Friendship sincere that Generous Prince approves,
 And in his Foes a Noble Honour loves.
 My Case is better, since no ill Intent,
 But only Folly, Caus'd my Banishment :
 Be watchful then in my Behalf, and try
 Whether his Wrath will by Submission die.
 If any think I should my Cares rehearse,
 They are too numerous to be told in Verse :
 My Woes exceed the Glittering Stars on high,
 And Atoms which in dusty Whirlwinds fly.
 To all my Sorrows none will Credit give,
 Nor will Posterity my Cares believe :
 Besides, what secret Grievs Admittance find,
 And wreck in private my disorder'd Mind ;
 Had I a Voice and Breast could ne'er be tir'd,
 More Mouths and Tongues than ever Grief desir'd ;
 Yet I cou'd ne'er my Woes express in Words,
 So vast a Theme my weighty Grief affords,
 Dear to the Gods, cease sacred Bards to write
Ulysses Troubles, and my Woes endite :
 I've suffer'd more, he wand' red many a Year,
 And did from *Troy* thro' various Oceans steer.

We fail'd so far to'ard the *Samartian* Shore,
 Till we discover'd Stars unknown before :
 With him a faithful Troop of *Grecians* went,
 My Friends forsook me in my Banishment.
 To bring him Home his happy Sails were spread,
 I from my House and Native Country fled :
 Nor did I make from *Itbyca's* rough Shore,
 Whose barren Rocks no joyful Sails explore ;
 But quitted *Rome*, which doth the Gods enfold,
 And left Seven Hills, whose Temples shine with
 (Gold.

His Nerves could all the Tug of War sustain,
 My brittle Limbs submit to Toil and Pain.
 In Bloody Fields Delight the Hero took,
 But I was still devoted to my Book.
 One God opposing me, and one brought Aid ;
 But him *Minerva* help'd, that Warlike Maid :
Neptune than *Jove* is infinitely less ;
Neptune did him, and *Jove* does me oppress.
 Poetick Fictions do his Labours grace,
 Which in my Story cannot find a Place.
 At last, tho' late, his wish'd-for Home he found,
 And landed safely on his Native Ground :
 But I shall ne'er my House and Country see,
 Until the angry Gods appeased be.

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid describes the Modest Life,
 And faithful Vertues of his Wife.*

ELEGY V.

A *Pollo Lyde* never lov'd so well,
 As I do you in whom all Virtues dwell:
Nor

Nor yet was *Battis* Lov'd to that degree,
 Worthy a Husband that might happier be.
 You help'd me when my Fortune did decline,
 So what I am my Life is only thine :
 Who wish'd me wreck'd on some unfaithful Shore,
 Hindred by you, can injure me no more.
 The fiercest Wolves tho' ravenous and bold,
 Yet rarely prey, but on the ungarded fold :
 Thro' Heaven's wide Arch devouring Vultures fly,
 And find where Carcasses unburied lye :
 So on my Goods Rapacious Hands had prey'd,
 Had not your Art the Guilty project staid.
 Help'd by my Friend you broke the intended Blow,
 And sure Revenge I the Projectors owe :
 Your Truth appears by constant Trials bright,
 Which in a Thousand Acts have dar'd the Light:
 Sincerer Love *Andromache* ne'er bore
 To *Hector* kill'd near Bright *Scamander's* Shore ;
 Nor *Laodamia* with more Passion mourn'd
 Her slaughter'd Lord, who ne'er from *Troy* return'd.
 Had you been *Homer's* Wife instead of mine,
 Beyond *Penelope's* your Fame wou'd shine :
 Whether you owe your Virtues to yourself,
 And liberal Nature did impart this Wealth,
 Or the Example of some Matron's Life,
 Taught you to be a just and faithful Wife :
 Whose prudent carriage, vertuous, chaste and kind,
 Learn'd you the Beauties of her sparkling Mind.
 My Numbers now, alas, want Strength to sing
 Thy matchless Worth, which claim a bolder Wing.
 Those Flights which once my tuneful Verse could
 (boast,
 Are in my Woes and numerous Sufferings lost :
 Else your conspicuous Faith should brightly shine,
 And no one's Fame be louder sung than thine.

Yet if my Numbers any Praise can give,
Mention'd in them you shall for ever live.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Ovid desires his Friend to look
Upon the Pages of his Book,
While in his Number they will find
The liveliest Image of his Mind.*

ELEGY VI.

YOU who my Image wear in Rings express,
Let not my Brows with Ivy-wreaths be drest ;
Such Ensign's happy Poets may adorn,
No Garlands on my Temples must be worn.
This well you know, who still my Image bear,
And set in Gold my true Effigies wear ;
'Tis kindly done your absent Friend to view,
And by this Art your Friendship to renew :
Seeing your Ring, you bend your mournful Brow,
And sighing say, where's wretched *Ovid* now ?
But if my Picture you wou'd nearer view,
Inspect my Books, which draw my Image true ;
Turn o'er the Volumes, which in lofty Verse
The varied Forms of Gods and Men rehearse.
Imperfect these, and wanting yet the last
Concluding Hand, into the Fire I cast ;
Into the Flames remorseless *Thestias* threw
The Fatal Brand, and her own Offspring flew ;
So I those Books committed to the Flame,
Which never merited a guilty Fame,
Thinking my Muse the Occasion of my Woe,
Or that my Vein was despicably low.

But

But since I cou'd not thus destroy them quite,
 And Fate permits those Books to see the Light,
 May they survive, and still delightful be
 Unto the Reader, put in mind of me.
 Yet dare I not such Lines as Genuine own,
 Which uncorrected to the World are shewn ;
 Snatch'd from the Forge, ere on the Anvil beat,
 E're my last Hand did the rude Verse compleat :
 I ask not Praise, but Pardon ; 'twill suffice,
 If that the Reader don't my Works despise :
 Before my Book let these Six Verses stand,
 Imploring Favour, which they can't Command.
 Who meets this Orphan Volume, poor in Worth,
 Not to win Favour for its Lord set forth,
 Afford it Lodging, on its Numbers Smile ;
 Sav'd from the Ashes of my Funeral Pile :
 These humble Lines, which speak their own De-
 At Leisure with a Friendly Hand Correct. (fect,

The A R G U M E N T.

*The Poet here his Friend does blame,
 Who prostitutes that sacred Name,
 Appearing like a Glow-worm bright,
 When none feel Warmth from such a Light.*

E L E G Y VII.

L E T Rivers now back to their Springs return,
 And the Sun set where first his Rays begun :
 Ten Thousand Stars shall deck the furrow'd Field,
 And the soft Skies shall to the Plough-share yield.

The

The Sea-green Waves with red-hot Fires shall glow,
 And cooling Rills from Fiery Atoms flow :
 Nature decay'd shall lose her Pristine Force,
 And Rebel Seeds oppose her usual Course.
 This I presage, ungenerously deceiv'd
 By him whose Friendship I sincere believ'd :
 What could oblige you to desert your Friend ?
 Or what Contagion could my Fate attend ?
 That you shou'd thus me to my Sorrows leave,
 And not at all at my sad Funeral Grieve ?
 The Name of Friendship, Sacred and Divine,
 Is impiously prophan'd by Acts like thine.
 Suppose you'd seen your Friend by Care oppress'd,
 And eas'd the cruel Tortures of his Breast ;
 But if no Tears for me you could have shed,
 You might at least have something kindly said :
 You might have done like some I never knew,
 And in the common Voice have bid Adieu :
 Lastly, you might, while Fate Allow'd that Pain,
 Have seen my Face, ne'er to be seen again :
 You might have took, which Fate admits no more,
 My last Embraces on the *Italian* Shore ;
 Which others did, whom no such Ties did bind,
 And their sad Tears betray'd their tender Mind.
 Business nor Cares could once our Hours divide,
 Pleasure and Love the Union stronger tied :
 I us'd you as my Dearest Bosom Friend,
 And most of all the *Romans* did commend :
 Is all our Friendship vanish'd in the Wind ?
 Sunk in the Abysses of a faithless Mind ?
 I can't imagine you were born at *Rome*
 Whether, alas, I never more shall come :
 But on some Rock here on the *Pontick* land.
 Or *Scythian* Mountains, that so bleakly stand :
 And Veins of Flint are every where dispers'd,
 In slender Branches thro' your Iron Breast.

And

And sure your Nurse in the *Hyrcean* Air
A cruel Tygress to a Tyger bare,
Else faithless you had made my Cares your own,
And your Affection in your Sorrows shewn.
But since to swell the Burthen of my Grief,
My cruel Woes even lost this poor Relief,
Repair this Breach of Love, that in the End
I may your Friendship, now accus'd, commend.

The ARGUMENT.

*He shews his Friend that Vulgar Love,
Is Fortune's shadow, and doth move
With it ; then does Congratulate
His Worth, deserving better Fate.*

E L E G Y VIII.

MA Y you live happy till your Funeral Pile,
Who read'st my Labours with a friendly
(Smile;
And may my Pray'rs to Heaven for you prevail,
With which in vain I did the Gods assail.
While Fortune flatters all will Friendship show,
But if she changes, few are Friends in Woe:
The nimble Dove to new-built Houses flies,
But flights the Tower which low in Ruin lies.
Barns void of Corn e'en selfish Vermine shun,
And Friends forsake the Wretched and Undone:
Whilst the Sun shines out flattering Shadows stay,
But when eclips'd they vanish soon away.
The Vulgar so pursue the glittering Light,
Which clouded once, they fly the wary Sight.
Ground

Groundless to you Oh may these Truths appear,
 To me apparent, by Experience dear.
 Proud of my Fortune, and of Fame secure,
 What numerous Friends did me my Wealth procure?
 But when I fell they did my Ruin shun,
 And far, Oh far, from my Misfortunes run.
 Nor is it strange they shou'd that Thunder dread,
 Which strikes the near approaching Mortal dead :
 Yet constant Friendship in Adversity
Cæsar approves, even in an Enemy.
 Nor is he angry or displeas'd to see,
 That Friends shou'd constant in their Friendship be.
 When mad *Orestes* was by *Thoas* known,
 He prais'd the Love that *Pylades* had shewn :
 And bold *Patroclus*, as *Achilles* Friend,
Hector esteem'd, and did his Worth commend.
 When with his Friend *Perithous* storm'd Hell's

(Gate,
Pluto then griev'd and mourn'd their hasty Fate :
 His Friend and *Nisus Turnus* mourn'd when dead,
 Their Generous Blood by fierce *Hetrurians* shed.
 Friendship in Foes the Just and Brave approve,
 Yet few my Numbers or my Friendship move :
 So sad the Aspect of my Fate appears,
 I'm bound to keep no Measure in my Tears :
 Yet tho' the Gods are to my Vows unkind,
 In you a happier Destiny I find :
 I saw, my Friend, this would your Fortune be,
 When with a slower Gale you plough'd the Sea.
 If an unsupported Life deserves a Fame,
 You justly merit the most Honour'd Name :
 If to Perferments Learning gives Pretence,
 You far excel in Arts and Eloquence.
 Sure of your Worth your Fate I did presage,
 And future Glory on the World's great Stage :

No

Nor Thunder told me this, nor yet the sight
Of slaughterd Sheep, nor Birds left-handed flight,
But Reason did this Augury afford,
Seeing your Mind with Virtuous Notions stor'd.
And I congratulate my true Presage,
Your Worth confirming my Prophetick Rage.
Oh that my Studies ne'er had known the Light,
In Darkness kept, and far from Humane Sight.
For as your Fame from Eloquence does grow,
So my hard Fate does from my Verses flow :
You know my Life, and know I never prov'd
The Arts I taught, nor in that manner lov'd.
I taught that Passion in my Younger Days,
And for Diversion rather sought than Praise.
Though I dare little urge in my Defence,
I think I may excuse my late Offence :
Protect me then, nor yet your Friend forsake,
And, as before, now the same Measure take.

The ARGUMENT.

Ovid commends the Ship that bore
Him safely to the Pontick Shore.

E L E G Y IX.

O UR Ship *Minerva* guards with Golden Hair,
Which from the Virgin's Helm her Name
(does bear :
With the leaft Breath of Air ſhe'll nimbly fail,
And rows with Oars when wiſh'd-for Breezes fail.
Swift

Swift as the Wind she'll plough the Briny Main,
 And wrong the cleanest on the Azure Plain :
 The roughest Sea the knotted Timber braves,
 Defying both the force of Winds and Waves.
 I went Abroad in the *Corinthian* Bay,
 From whence she boldly cut her Wat'ry Way :
 By *Pallas* help'd, who did the Bark protect,
 And thro' most dangerous Seas her Course direct.
 And may she sailing to the *Pontick* Strand,
 In Safety bring me to the *Gettick* Land,
 Which has already to the *Imbrian* Shore
 Thro' the *Ionian* Seas this Exile bore.
 Plying to Larboard, thence we sail'd along,
 And with an easy Gale steer'd gently on :
 For *Samos* then our swelling Canvas stood,
 And reach'd its Strand contiguous to a Wood.
 Thus far I sail'd upon the Azure Main,
 And then on Foot trod the *Bistonian* Plain :
 From *Hellepont* on winged Winds was sent
 Our daring Vessel to *Dardania* bent :
 To *Lampsace*, which *Priapus* defends,
 And *Cizicon* our floating Castle bends :
 Whose high-built Walls *Mæonians* once did frame,
 And veering thence she to *Bysantium* came ;
 The extreamest Period of her Wat'ry Way,
 Where Two rough Seas fight in an Angry Bay :
 And may my other Ship with equal Gales,
 Pass moving Islands with propitious Sails,
 Whilst by the *Thinian* Beach she cuts her Way,
 Hard by those Walls *Anchialus* did lay ;
 And near *Messembria*, that stately Tower,
 Whose lofty Heights stand firm by *Liber's* Power ;
 Close to *Magara*, which did first receive
Alcathous, who did his Country leave :
 Thence to *Miletus*, the sad Place assign'd,
 Where I by *Cæsar's* Doom must be confin'd.

Where

Where for an Offering of a greater Price,
 A Lamb to *Pallas* I will sacrifice :
 You Powers Divine, who on White Horses ride,
 Gently my Vessels thro' the Ocean guide.
 One Ship to the *Cyanean* Isles is bound,
 The other goes to the *Bistonian* Ground :
 Grant, O ye Gods, the Wind may fairly stand,
 To bring each safely to its wish'd-for Land.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Poet here the Reader shews,
 That this first Book he did compose,
 Whilst toss'd by angry Seas and Winds,
 And begs his Pardon for the Faults he finds.*

ELEGY X.

EACH Line and Letter in this mourning Book
 I write, whilst Banish'd I my Journey took,
 And whilst I studied, circled by the Main,
December's Cold chill'd every lazy Vein,
 The *Isthmus* past, which does Two Seas divide,
 Once more we stem'd the Ocean's Briny Tide :
 I think it did amaze the *Cyclades*
 To see me writing Verses on the Seas.
 I wonder too my sad uneasy Mind
 Should proper Thoughts and equal Numbers find :
 A Poet's Fire is Madness call'd, and Rage,
 But yet this Madness did my Grief assuage.

Now

Now by the blust'ring Kits our Ship was beat
And *Steropes* does the fierce Storm repeat.

Artophylax obscur'd the dusky Main, (Rain.
And Southern Winds pour'd down vast Seas of
The Waves shipt in apace, yet then I drew (view.
This Sketch, and trembling made this Verse you
And now the Winds did whistle in the Shrouds,
And rising Billows almost touch'd the Clouds.
The Pilot lifting up his Hands and Heart,
Sought Aid from Heaven, unmindful of his Art.
Where-e'er I look Death's dreadful Shape appears,
Whose Terror causes both my Prayers and Fears :
The Harbours Sight augments my Horrors more,
And the Sea seems less dreadful than the Shore,
The Fear of cruel Men disturbs my Thought,
And Mischiefs double as they're nearer brought.
The stormy Waves wou'd rob me of my Breath,
And Savage Men would glory in my Death.
On the Left-hand a barbarous Nation stood,
Of Slaughter proud, and pleas'd with humane
(Blood.

And whilst the Winds the foaming Sea molest,
The Sea's no more unquiet than my Breast.
If then my Lines displease the Reader's Taste,
He should forgive 'em, made in Fear and Haste.
I write them not under a verdant Shade,
Nor on a Bed of blushing Roses laid ;
But whilst our Ship contended with the Main,
And Seagreen Waters did my Paper stain ;
The Winter fiercer grew to see me write,
And in revenging Whirlwinds shew'd its Spight.
To that I yield, and with Submission bend,
And wish its Rage may with these Verses end.

BOOK II.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Ovid to Cæſar does excuse
Himſelf, and blames his guilty Muſe ;
And various Poets does recite,
Who did as wanton Poems write,
Yet never ſuffer'd Banishment,
Nor from their Native Climes were ſent.*

ELEGY I.

W H A T Buſineſs have I with my
(wretched Books,
On which as on his Bane the Author
(looks;

Why from the Muses can't I yet refrain,
Is't not enough to bear my present Pain?
My Ruin first my wanton Poems brought,
Pleas'd with my Verse, whilst *Rome* my Friend-
(ship sought.

Cæſar offended, hence my Life miſtook,
And thought the Author wanton as his Book.
’Twas, if paſt Crimes I muſt again rehearſe,
Too much Indulgence to my looſer Verſe ;

In

In which, whilst I my fruitful Labours spent,
 The sole Reward I got was Banishment.
 Justly I should the Tuneful Sisters hate,
 Who their Adorer brought to this Estate :
 Yet curst with Madnefs I the Maids pursue,
 Fond of the Snare whence my Misfortune grew,
 As on the Stage a vanquish'd Fencer tries
 To gain the Honour of a Second Prize ;
 Or as a Vessel shatter'd by the Main,
 Refits, and boldly Ploughs the Faithless Plain ;
 As bleeding *Telephus* a Med'cine found,
 From the same Pointed Spear that caus'd the
 So *Cæsar's* Ire my Verses may appease, (*Wound* ;
 Verses have Force the Immortal Gods to please.
 At his Command now each Religious Fair
 To *Ophis* sues in sacred Verse and Prayer ;
 And when a Hundred Circling Years have run,
 In Verse we Sing the Glories of the Sun.
 May these Examples bend his Angry Mind,
 And may my Verse their Author's Pardon find.
 Just is your Vengeance I sincerely own,
 May my Confession for my Crimes atone ;
 In pardoning me your Clemency you show,
 And by my Faults your Virtues higher grow.
Jove would be soon disarm'd, did Thunder wait
 To strike the Wicked with a certain Fate ;
 His dreadful Bolts to wound are rarely seen,
 And Lightnings only make the Air serene.
 His Might unequal'd, and superior sway,
 Submissive Gods and Passive Heavens obey.
 You Rule the Earth, let this Example move,
 Be you forgiving, like Almighty *Jove*.
 And so you are, for ne'er a gentler Hand
 Did yet the Empire of the World Command.
 Your Foes securely to your Mercy yield,
 Who none had granted had they won the Field.

Some by your Gift Imperial Honour wear,
 Who 'gainst your Person impious Arms did bear;
 One Day your Wars began, in one did cease,
 Whilst either Party begg'd for gentle Peace.
 And as the Victor in the vanquish'd Foe,
 The Vanquish'd in the Victor gloried so;
 Better my Cause is, since I ne'er did join
 In hostile Arms, nor 'gainst the State combine.
 By Sea, by Earth, by Stigian Gods I swear,
 And by yourself that Godlike Power does bear;
 My Thoughts, tho' wanting Means to be express'd,
 Still faithful were, as those who more profess'd,
 Equal with them I join'd my faithful Pray'r,
 That you might long your Crown Imperial wear.
 And for your safety, at my own expence
 I offer'd Gums, and richest Frankincense;
 Besides those Pages which my Morals blame,
 In various Leaves Record thy sacred Name;
 And if you wou'd the unfinish'd Lines peruse,
 Of banish'd Forms, snatch'd from my banish'd
 (Muse.

With dread respect you still shall mention'd find
 Your Name, and Proofs of my submissive Mind.
 'Tis true, my Muse can't to your Worth aspire,
 Or sing your Action with Immortal Fire;
 Yet *Jove* is pleas'd when we his Acts rehearse,
 And make our God the Theme of Mortal Verse.
 And when we sing the Giant's dreadful Fight,
 In his own Praise *Jove* takes sincere Delight.
 To After-ages some may bear the Name
 In Numbers lasting as the Breath of Fame.
 And tho' the Great a Hundred Bulls present
 To Heaven, yet Heaven's with smaller Gifts con-
 So sure he was unhappy *Ovid's* Foe, (tent.
 Who first my wanton Lines, did *Cæsar* show.

For fear my Numbers which your Glory spread;
 Should with Applause and Justice now be read;
 But when you're angry who dare Love profess,
 For I abhor my self in my Distress.
 As in a falling House the Timbers bend,
 And crack the inferior Planks as they descend;
 So when bad Fortune ruins our Estate,
 All Things concur to urge our hasty Fate.
 The Vulgar too with rude Contempt look down,
 And by your Face adjust their servile Frown;
 Yet I remember in my younger Days,
 You did my Life and Conversation praise;
 And when I did litigious smiles Compound,
 Each side the Justice of my Sentence found.
 And were it not for this, my sole Offence,
Cæsar had prais'd my Life and Innocence.
 But this quite strikes my feeble Bark below
 The furious Waves, which o'er my Ruin flow;
 No little Bubble could my Ship Distress,
 But mighty Waves did low my Fortune press.
 Alas, why have my Eyes unhappy been,
 And private Crimes unfortunately seen?
Acteon's Hounds their wretched Master tore,
 Who view'd a naked Goddess on the shore:
 Fortune in this offended more than he,
 But Errors 'gainst the Gods must punish'd be.
 And if my House had been unknown to Fame,
 My Verse had rais'd the Honour of my Name.
 'Tis true, my Wit in wanton Thoughts was shown,
 Yet thro' World my Reputation's known.
 Discerning Judges *Nasæe's* Lines have Read,
 And rank'd me equal to the Ingenious Dead.
 Yet now my House, great by my Numbers made,
 Is by my Folly low in Ruins laid;

Yet not so ruin'd but it still may rise,
 If *Cæsar's* mild, and his Displeasure dies ;
 His Mercy in my Sentence was exprest,
 And my sad Heart did greater Ills suggest ;
 Yet Anger did not reach to take my Life,
 And your Compassion conquer'd in the Strife.
 My forfeit Goods your Kindness too did give,
 And with my Life you gave me means to live :
 Nor by the Senate's Sentence was I sent,
 Or private Judgment into Banishment,
 But you yourself pronounc'd those heavy Words,
 Whose Execution full revenge affords ;
 Besides he Edict which confirm'd my Doom,
 With no ill Language Banish'd me from *Rome*.
 It only mentioned that I was confin'd,
 And Sorrow was in gentle Words Assign'd ;
 For there's no punishment, tho, most severe,
 Which I shou'd equal with your Anger fear ;
 But yet the Immortals lay their Passion by,
 And when the Clouds are o'er, serene's the Sky.
 Thus round the Elm encircling Branches twine,
 Whose blasted Trunk was struck with Flames Di-
 (vine ;

Therefore I'll hope you can't be so unkind
 To snatch this Pleasure from my sickly Mind.
 'Tis true I hope, but when I once reflect
 Upon my Crime, my Fears my Joy reject,
 And as the Sea by diff'rent Whirlwinds roul'd
 Yet does not still the unruly Motion hold ;
 But that sometimes a quite Calm succeeds,
 And on the Cockly Beach the *Halcyon* breeds ;
 Even so my various Mind is wrack'd with Care,
 Now calm'd by Hopes, now tortur'd by Despair.
 By all the Gods, which grant you long to Reign,
 That you may still the *Roman* State Maintain,

And

And by your Country happy in your Fate,
 Where I a Subject humbly bow'd of late,
 So may the *Romans* pay you just Respect,
 Fond of the Power which does their Realms pro-
 (test.

So may bright *Livia* Reign a Thousand Years,
 Who only Worthy of your Love appears ;
 Whom Nature Fram'd for you, had she not been,
 The World had wanted for its Lord a Queen.
 So may your Son grow up, whose Godlike Sway,
 Blended with yours, may all the World Obey ;
 And for his Acts, which Time will soon bring
 (forth,

Late mount the Sky by his superior Worth.
 May Conquest so accustom'd to your Tent,
 To his Imperial Arms herself present.
 May she attend him with subservient Wings,
 Whilst Fame fresh Lawrels for his Temples brings.
 To him your Warlike Fortune you resign,
 And Crown his Head with Rays which once were
 (thine.

Whilst you yourself at Home in Quiet Reign,
 Your other self does Foreign Wars maintain ;
 May he return a Victor o'er his Foe,
 And thro' Imperial *Rome* in Triumph go,
 Oh spare me then and let your Thunder cease,
 Lay by your bolts, and grant this wretched Peace.
Father of Rome, spare your most humble *Slave*,
 Let that most Tender Name your Mercy crave.
 I beg not you'd Repent my Banishment,
 Tho' to much weightier Suits the Gods assent ;
 But if you would some milder Place assign
 Of Banishment, 'twould ease the Grief of mine.

For herè I suffer the Extream of Woes,
 Living amongst the Empire's barbarous Foes,
 Sent to the *Danube's* most impetuous Stream.
 Where cold *Calisto* drives her frozen Team.
 The silver Waves when they serenely slide,
 Can scarce the *Colchians* from the *Getes* divide.
 And tho' for Crimes some bear a greater Pain,
 Yet none in further Banishment remain;
 Beyond is only frozen Snows, and cold,
 And lazy Seas, which Icy Fetters hold.
 Ne'er doth the spreading *Roman* Empire end,
 Whose utmost Limits scarce so far extend;
 'This makes me pray to be from hence remov'd
 To Shores for more Humanity approv'd.
 Nor as a Prisoner let me here abide,
 With such whose Rage the *Ister* can't divide.
 Besides, a Free-born *Roman* does disdain
 To live a Prisoner in a Foreign Chain.
 Two Crimes, Mistake and Verses, me oppress,
 The first with Silence still shall be suppress:
 Nor is it proper to renew your Wound,
 Of which the Anguish I my self have found.
 But of my Fault, they urge a second Part,
 In that I taught Love's wanton idle Art:
 I see that human Acts the Gods deceive,
 My Crime resembles not what you believe,
 For as Great *Jove* the Heaven beholding sits,
 No Leisure for our small Affairs admits.
 So when this under Orb you overlook,
 Your Royal Thoughts no humble Sufferings brook,
 So as to be from grand Affairs at Leisure
 To read my Verses in unequal Measure,
 But yet it seems your high Imperial State,
 Presses your Shoulders with no mighty Weight;
 Since you vouchsafe to read with serious Thought,
 The wanton Lines my airy Fancy wrought.

Your

Your Conquering Troops do fierce *Pannonia* tame,
 Whilst *Thrace* Rebellious would eclipse your Fame.
 The *Armenian's* Peace implore, the *Persians* show
 Their spreading Colours, and extended Bow,
 The *Germans* feel thy Valour in thy Son,
 And *Cæsar's* Foes young *Cæsar* does o'ercome.
 And lastly *Rome*, and her wide Empire's Bounds,
 By your Regard feels neither Pain nor Wounds,
Rome and her Laws you equally defend,
 And by your Practice do your Subjects mend.
 And yet you live not in inglorious Ease,
 But by your Arms obtain a solid Peace ;
 Busied with weightier Cares, 'tis strange you'd look
 Into the wanton Pages of my Book ;
 But since you read them with a serious Thought,
 I wish my Lines had been exempt from Fault ;
 They were not for severer Judgments writ,
 And for a Prince's View were far unfit :
 But yet they did not Nature's Laws offend,
 Or wanton Rules to married Wives commend.
 And lest you doubt what was the Author's Mind,
 My Meaning in this Cautious Page you'll find.
 Away all you whose Fillets bind your Hair,
 Who on your Thumbs a Golden Circle wear ;
 Forbidden Love I dare not here rehearse,
 Lest some should be Polluted by my Verse.
 But though we banish from our Books all such
 Whom Fillets bind, and Golden Fetters touch,
 Yet may the Matron use another Art,
 And from the chastest Verse inflame her Heart ;
 Let her not read then, since with ease she'll find,
 Or frame some Notions to debauch her Mind.
 Whate'er she touches who delights in Ill,
 She turns to Lewdness by a Chymick Skill.
 Let her the Annals Read, tho' most severe,
 There *Ilia's* Fault will charmingly appear ;

Or if she *Virgil* reads, she'll quickly find
 How *Venus* was to good *Anchises* kind ;
 And I'll assert each sort of Verse may move
 A wanton Breast, and blow the Flames of Love.
 Yet every Book for this is not to blame,
 Since nothing profits but may hurt again.
 Than Fire what's better, yet when fill'd with Ire,
 To burn a House we arm our selves with Fire.
 Health, giving Physick, Health doth oft impair,
 And Witches Poison from Green Herbs prepare.
 The Thief and Traveller wear glittering Arms,
 These to defend, and they to offer Harms :
 Tho' Eloquence should Plead the justest Cause,
 It may defend the Guilty by the Laws.
 So if my Verses modest Minds peruse,
 My Numbers will no vicious Thoughts infuse.
 He therefore errs who by his Passion led,
 Misapprehends what's innocently said ;
 Why are there Cloysters where the Virgins walk,
 That with their Lovers they may freely talk.
 The Temple, tho' most Sacred, let her shun,
 Whose wanton Bosom does securely burn ;
 For in *Jove's* Fain the Wanton will suggest,
 How many Maids the vig'rous Gods compest.
 And when to her bright Spouse she bend's her
 (Head,
 She thinks how *Jove* defil'd her Sacred Bed.
 When she *Minerva* views, she thinks her Pride
 Or Ludeness made her Wife *Eriethon* hide ;
 If she to *Mars's* Temple does repair,
 She smiles to think how she embrac'd the Fair ;
 In *Io's* Temple he revealeth how
 Poor *Io* was transform'd into a Cow :
 And something then her wandring Fancy moves,
 To Muse on *Venus* and *Anchises* Loves.

Jasus and *Ceres* next her Thoughts inspire,
 And he who set the modest Moon on Fire :
 For tho' these Gods were for our Prayers design'd,
 Yet every Thing corrupts a wanton Mind :
 And my First Page bids Virgins shun an Art,
 Which to Lewd Girls I only did Impart.
 And since in modest Maids 'tis Thought a Crime
 Farther to press then were the Priests Assign,
 Is she not Guilty then who not forbears
 To Read my Lines forbid to modest Ears ?
 And Matrons Grave Lascivious Draughts approve,
 Which represents the Twining Sobs of Love ;
 And vestal Virgins View the Painted Scene,
 Which no Reflection to the Limner mean.
 Yet why did I a wanton Strain approve ?
 Why did my Numbers teach the Art of Love ?
 It was my Fault which freely I confess,
 May my Confession make my Error less :
 Why did I not the *Trojan's* Ruin tell,
 And how the *Phrygians* by their Fury fell.
 Why Sung I not *Thebes* Gates most strictly kept,
 And how by Mutual Wounds the Brother slept.
 Imperial *Rome* did ample Subjects yield,
 Of mighty Themes an unexhausted Field ;
 And tho' great *Cæsar's* Acts all Men Proclaim,
 Yet I might too have Sung the Hero's Fame.
 For as the Sun attracts the admiring Light,
 So might his Wars have gave my Numbers Flight ;
 Yet 'twas no Crime to Plough a Baser Earth,
 Knowing my Theme gave Words of Fancy
 (Birth :
 For tho' a feeble Bark may Coast the Shore,
 She shuns the Seas, nor dares the Deep explore :
 For tho' my Airy, Soft, Harmonious Muse,
 May for her Strings some humble Subjects chase,

Yet should I of the Giants Battle sing,
 The lofty Theme would crack my humble string.
 That happy Bard of *Cæsar's* Acts may write,
 Who thinks as boldly as his Soldiers fight ;
 And tho' I once design'd to sound his Name.
 Methoughts my Verse detracted from his Fame :
 Then to my youthful Strain I soon return'd,
 And wrote of Swains, who with Love's Passion
 (burn ;

Fate drew me in against my own Intent,
 By writing to procure my Banishment.
 Why did my Parents with officious Care
 Instructing Books for my soft Youth prepare ?
 For this you hate me, since you judg'd I sought
 Forbidden Arts, and Love lascivious taught ;
 When I to Wives no Thefts of Love did show,
 How could I teach those Rules I ne'er did know ?
 For tho' I did some melting Verses Frame,
 No ill Report could ever wound my Fame.
 Nor can my Verse some Spouse of vulgar Rank
 For being made a doubtful Father thank.
 My Thoughts are by my Verses ill express'd,
 My Wife is modest, tho' my Muses jest :
 Besides, my Works are feign'd, and justly crave
 A Liberty their Author must not have.
 Books seldom show the Mind, whose chief Intent
 Is to delight with Tales that they invent ;
Accius is cruel, *Terence* does delight
 In Feasts, and Warriors of Rencounters write ;
 And lastly, some who amorous Tales have fram'd,
 Were never for their guilty Verses blam'd ;
 The harping Bird his trembling Strings did move
 With Songs of *Venus*, Drunk with Wine and
 (Love.

And *Sappho* oft with amorous Notes betray'd
 To some wild Passion an unguarded Maid ;

Who

Who blames *Battiades*, who abus'd his leifure,
 With telling Stories of his wanton Pleasure :
Menander's soft Intreagues of harmlefs Love,
 The modeft Thought of blushing Nymphs approve.
 The *Iliads* only fhew the horrid fhape
 Of bloody Wars, and an Adulterous Rape ;
 How ftern *Pelidis* for *Brifeis* rag'd,
 And how the *Greeks* for *Hellen's* Lofs engag'd,
 The *Odyffes* difplays the doubtful ftrife
 Of Suitors, warring for *Ulyffes's* Wife.
 And *Homier* tells how *Mars* and *Venus* tied
 In clofe Embraces, by the Gods were fpied :
 Who but that lofty Bard could let us know,
 How Two Fair Ladies lov'd a Stranger fo.
 The Tragedies in loftinefs excel,
 Yet Loves foft Pains, the *Epick Buskins* tell :
Phaedra's hot Breaft *Hippolitus* did move,
 And *Canace* died for a Brother's Love.
 When *Priam's* Off-fpring *Hellen* brought from far,
 The God of Love drove his refulgent Carr ;
 When in the Childrens Blood the Mother dies
 Her Sword, fuch Afts from Frantick Love arife ;
 Love to a Lapwing chang'd the *Thracian* King,
 And *Progne* fitted with a Swallow's Wing :
 And 'twas a Brother's Love that did affright
 The Sun, and made him hide his Golden Light.
 Never would *Scylla* on the Stage appear,
 But that for love ſhe clipt her Father's Hair.
 Who of *Oreffes* reads, and of his Fears,
 Of Murder'd *Pyrrius*, and *Aegiftus* hears ?
 Why name I him ? Did the *Chymera* tame,
 Whoſe treacherous Hoſtefs fought his Life in vain ?
 Why mention'd I *Hermione*, or th' *Arcadian* Maid,
 Or her whoſe Courſe the *Latinian* Lover ſtaid ?
 Or *Danae* by high *Jove* a Mother made ?
 Or Bright *Alemena* by a God betray'd ?

To

To these add *Jole*, *Hylas*, and the Boy,
 Whose wanton Love consum'd unhappy *Troy*;
 And should I here recite Love's numerous Flames,
 My Book would scarce contain the Lovers Names.
 Even Tragadies to wanton Laughter bend,
 And Words obscure with lofty Numbers blend.
 Some blameless have *Achilles's* Acts defac'd,
 And by soft Measures have his Deeds disgrac'd.
 Tho' *Aristides* his own Faults compil'd,
 Yet *Aristides* was not straight Exil'd;
Eubius in Stile Impure did lewdly prove
 The various Actions of unwholesome Love.
 Another of the *Syburites* compos'd
 The Crimes, and his own wanton Acts disclos'd,
 These in the Libraries by some Bounteous Hand
 To publick Use do there Devoted stand.
 By strangers Pens I need not make Defence,
 With equal Liberty our Books dispence.
 'Tis true, grave *Emmius* of Wars Tumults writes,
 And mighty Thoughts in Numbers rough Endites.
 The Cause of Fire *Lucretius* does explain,
 And how three Causes form'd the Earth and Main.
 Gentle *Catullus* in soft moving Lines
 His Mistress Masks, and yet her Beauty shines.
 With *Lesbia's* Name he Veils the charming Maid,
 And his Lew'd Love in his own Verse betray'd.
 With equal Freedom *Calvus* too Effays
 The Sports of Love, and tells its various Ways.
 Why shou'd I mention *Memnon's* wanton Vein,
 Which to each Posture gives a luscious Name;
Cinna striving Buxom Dames to please,
 And wild *Cornificus* compar'd with these;
 Or he that did to future Time commend
 His Lover Titled by the Name of Friend?

Or him who ventur'd for the Fleece of Gold,
 Whose Conscious Lines does Love's soft Theft un-
Hortentius too, and *Servius*, writ as bad, (fold.
 Who'd think my Verse such great Examples had ?
Sisenna Aristide's Works Translates,
 And oft in wanton Jest's Expatiates.
Lycoris praising none could *Gallus* blame,
 And Wind, not Verses Furnish'd all his Fame.
Tibullus writes that Womens Oaths are Wind,
 Who with Amazement can her Husband blind.
 He tells them how their Keepers to beguile,
 Lest he himself's deceiv'd by his own Wile.
 He tells you how to grasp a Lady's Hand,
 Under pretence to see her Golden Band.
 He shows what Joys a Lady's touch can bring,
 Under pretence to feel her Golden Ring.
 Sometimes by Signs he does his Thoughts express,
 And his lewd Mind in lewder Figures Dress :
 He shews what Oils the Blueness quite expels,
 Which by fierce Kisses on the Bosom dwells ;
 And Rules severe to Husbands does commend,
 If they're Indulgent Wives will scarce offend ;
 And when the Dog Barks at your Postern Door,
 He vows some Youth does Love's soft Joys implore.
 He on Record the Thefts of Love does leave,
 And teaches Wives their Husbands to deceive :
 Yet is *Tibullus* read, and Famous grown,
 And unto you (*Augustus*) not unknown.
 And tho' Properties did like Precepts give,
 Yet his clear Fame does still unspotted live ;
 These I succeeded, not to mention such
 Who write like me, and err Perchance as much :
 I dream'd not where so many Ships had pass'd,
 That my poor Bark should Shipwrack'd be at last.

Some

Some shew their Art, or try their Chance at Dice,
 Which in severer Times was Thought a Vice.
 Some know the Way to make 'em higher run
 And how the lowest losing Dice to shun.
 Others with seeming Negligence and Ease
 Can slur a Die, and throw what Cast they please.
 Gamesters at Draughts can Crown their doubled
 (King,

And how their Men secur'd from Perils bring.
 They know the Ways to Chase, and to Retreat,
 And how the Foe by cunning Arts to beat.
 And some a Game with stony Pebbles show,
 In which they win, who rank 'em in a Row,
 Others in other Games like Pleasure take,
 And lose their Time to win a paultry Stake.
 Some of rebounding Ball, and Tennis sing,
 Others like Frogs instruct us how to swim.
 Cosmetick secrets some loose Lines disclose,
 Others of Feasts the jolly Laws compose ;
 And do in Verse propitious Days Assign,
 And sing what Bowls become the sparkling Wine,
 In cold *December* to the Harp we Play,
 And the thick Air pleas'd with the Notes is Gay,
 So I to write some sportive Verses meant,
 Which streight were punish'd with my Bainish-
 (ment.

Equal in Crimes, unequal in the Pain,
 Such Works deserve, I only Woes sustain.
 Better I'd banter'd in a Conick Stile, (guile.
 Which with loose Scenes does tedious Hours be-
 Where longing Lovers use their fondest Art,
 And am'rous Wives play an intriguing Part.
 But yet in these Matrons and Maids delight,
 And hoary Age hears them rehears'd at Night ;
 Whose wanton Language does the Ears prophane,
 And with an impious fight our Manners stain.

And

And when the Husband's gull'd, the Matons strays,
 They applaud the Bard, and crown his Head with
 (Bays.

He gains, and is not punish'd for his Crimes,
 And the rich Præter pays him for his Lines ;
 And when great *Cæsar* you exhibit Plays,
 The Poets paid that does the Structure raise.
 Them you Reward, and View their painted Show,
 By which the *Romans* do your Goodness know.
 And with those Eyes which awful Terrors move,
 You see soft Scenes and Interludes of Love.
 If Poets then may use a Comick Vein,
 Why should my Verse such Punishment obtain ?
 Can these the Licence of the Stage protect ?
 Or does Mankind their mimick Scenes neglect ?
 My Poems too have made the People rise,
 And help Attention with their greedy Eyes.
 Tho' in your House some living Pieces stand,
 Of Hero's Painted by a Master's Hand,
 Yet your Apartments wanton Tables Grace,
 And Acts of Love appear with open Face ;
 Tho' *Ajax* looks with fierce revengful Ire,
 And fell *Medea* burns with jealous Fire,
 Yet *Venus* seems to dry her Ouzy Head,
 As if she'd lately made the Sea her Bed,
 Of War's Tumultuous Broils let others Write,
 And your high Deeds with soaring Quills endite ;
 But niggard Nature does my Muse restrain,
 From lofty Subjects, to an humble Vein.
Virgil's bold Muse the list'ning Audience charms,
 Who sings *Æneas* and the *Phrygian's* Arms :
 But yet no Book with greater Pleasure's Read,
 Than were the Hero by his Mother led,
 Enjoys *Eliza*, and her Bridal Bed.

Yet

Yet once Fair *Phillis*, Goddess of the Plain,
 And *Amarillis* charm'd the wanton Swain.
 Of moving sounds I knew the charming Face,
 E'er you inroll'd me 'mongst the *Roman* Horse:
 And now my Age sustains the weighty Blame,
 For Verses which my youthful Thoughts did Frame.
 My guilty Numbers are reveng'd at last,
 And I am punished for a Crime that's past;
 Yet all my Works are not so light and vain,
 Sometimes I launch'd deeper into the Main.
 In twice three Books *Rome's* Festivals I penn'd,
 And with each Volume every Month does end,
 That pious Work, of no inferior Fame,
 I humbly offer'd to your sacred Name.
 Besides, my Heroes with Magestic Rage,
 In Tragick Dress have trod the purple Stage.
 Of varied Forms my spritely Muse has sung,
 Which workt my Fate, imperfect left, and young.
 And if your Anger would but be pleas'd,
 Perchance you would be with my Verses pleas'd.
 For from the First, an Infant Birth of Things,
 Down to these Times my Muse her Numbers
 (brings:

You would behold the strength of every Line,
 Wherein your praise eternally will shine;
 Unmix'd with Gall my even Numbers flow,
 No Rage my Lines, nor pointed Satyr know.
 Amongst the *Romans* none was ever found
 Hurt by my Verse, my Muse herself does wound.
 Therefore each generous Temper I believe,
 Will at my Woes and hapless Fortune grieve;
 And hardly Triumph at his wretched state,
 Whone'er was proud, even in my better Fate.

Oh let these pressing Reasons change your Mind,
That in Distress I may your Favour find ;
Not to remit my Exile I implore,
One Suit I ask you, and demand no more ;
I beg the Favour you'd remove me hence,
To such a Place as suits with my Offence.

Finis Secundi Libri.

BOOK

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

*Here Ovid to the Reader shews
That he's unwilling to disclose
Himself, says he was entertain'd
By some, whilst others him disdain'd.*

ELEGY I.

I Am that Book which fearfully do come,
(Wrote by a Banish'd Man) to visit *Rome* ;
And coming weary from a Foreign Land,
Would end my Travels in the Reader's Hand.
You need not be afraid, or sham'd of me,
Since no Love Verses in these Pages be.
My Master now by Fortune is oppress'd,
It is no Time for him to Write in Jest.
Tho' in his Youth Wild Thoughts his Soul did
(move,
Yet now he hates the wanton Arts of Love ;
In every Page dull mourning Thoughts appear,
And my sad Lines the Times Complexion bear ;
And if my second Verse wants equal Strength,
Believe it happens from the Journey's Length.
No gilded Leaves my dismal Pages Grace,
Sad is my Hue, and like my Author's Face.

If

If Briny Drops my clearer Letters stain,
 Tears made the Blots, caus'd by his Deadly Pain.
 If you my Language scarcely understand.
 Know I was written in a Barbarous Land ;
 Therefore good Reader teach me were to go,
 Some Place of Rest unto a Stranger shew.
 This having said, in Words repleat with Grief,
 A friendly Hand indulg'd me kind Relief,
 I gave him Thanks, and did the Gods implore,
 He ne'er might see the cruel Pontick Shore ;
 Lead on said I, I'll follow your Command,
 Tho' much Fatigu'd by Measuring Sea and Land.
 He gave Consent, and as he went, says he,
 'This is the Holy Street which here you see ;
 Here's *Vesta's* Fane, Bright with Eternal Fire,
 Here *Numa's* lofty Palaces Aspire.
 Here is *Evander's* Gate, and now you come
 Upon the Spot where *Romulus* Built *Rome* ;
 And then says I, this is the House of *Jove*,
 This Oaken Crown does my Conjecture prove.
 He said 'twas *Cæsar's*, and I answer'd straight,
 Then *Jove* dwells here in all his Regal State ;
 Yet why do Bays around the Gates appear,
 And thus Incircle *Cæsar's* Statue here ?
 Is it because his House doth Merit Praise,
 And is most dear to the Bright God of Bays ?
 Or doth it now denote a Festival,
 In Token of the Peace he gives, to all ?
 Or as the Lawrel evermore is seen,
 So still his House is Verdant, Gay and Green.
 Or do those Letters on the Wreath engrav'd,
 Shew that the City by your Power was sav'd ?
 Oh *Cæsar* save a Citizen at last,
 Who far into the utmost World is cast ;
 Where for his Errors he does now sustain
 A cruel Banishment and endless Pain !

You find my Pages look most dismal Pale,
 And my uncertain Feet begin to fail.
 I pray that this same House which now I see,
 To my sad Lord may reconciled be.
 From thence to bright *Apollo's* Fane we went,
 To which white Marble makes a fine ascent ;
 Where Figures stand, by some great Master done,
 Of *Belus*, and of *Palamede* his Son.
 Their antient Books, and Pages wholly new,
 All lye expos'd to the Patricians View.
 I fought my Brothers there, excepting them
 Whose hapless Birth their Father did condemn.
 I fought the Chief who kept that sacred Place,
 He bid me fly from that Religious space.
 I enter'd Temples to the Play-house join'd,
 But here I could no Entertainment find ;
 Nor could I come to the extremest Court,
 Where Books of Learning constantly resort.
 Heirs to our Fathers Fortunes by Descent,
 Alas ! like him we suffer Banishment.
 Perhaps when Time shall *Cæsar's* Ire suppress,
 He will my Father and my self redress.
 For vulgar Aid I neither ask nor care,
 Then *Cæsar* grant me this my earnest Pray'r ;
 Since publick Seats are to my Vows deny'd,
 In some Recefs let me my Verses hide ;
 And may Muse be by *Plebeians* priz'd,
 Sought for and prais'd, whose Numbers were de-
 (spis'd,

The

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid in charming Notes deplores
His Banishment, Death's Sable Doors
He knocks at, wishing sudden Fate
His wretched Life would terminate.*

ELEGY II.

WAS it my Fate to view the *Scythian* snow,
And Lands which no returning Summer
(know?

Would not *Apollo*, and the sacred Nine,
Assist their Bard, and lend their Aid Divine?
Could not my sprightly Numbers me excuse?
Nor yet my Life, more serious than my Muse?
But that I must, after long Labours past,
Tread the unhappy Pontick Shore at last?
From Care and Business I myself withdrew,
Fond of my ease, and no rough Labours knew;
But yet was forc'd to bear alternate Pain,
By Sea and Land, and here as much sustain;
Yet still I Live, and by experience find,
My Body is supported by my Mind;
And in my Passage to my sad Exile,
With studious Thoughts I did my Cares beguile.
But when at length I touch'd the hated strand,
And safe arriv'd, did from my Journey Land,
Now from my Eyes a Briny Stream did flow,
Like Water running down from melted Snow,
And then my House and *Rome* I call to mind,
And all that's lovely which I left behind.

Alas

Alas for Death, that I in vain should crave
 And humbly beg Admittance to the Grave!
 Why have I still escap'd the angry Sword?
 Could not the Sea, nor Shore, a Death afford?
 Ye Gods, too constant in your Fatal Ire,
 Who do with *Cæsar* in Revenge Conspire,
 Hasten my slow and dilatory Fate,
 And Death set wide your Adamantine Gate.

THE ARGUMENT.

*He lets his Lady understand
 His Sickneſs in a Foreign Land;
 Then writes his Epitaph, with an Intent
 To make this Book his Monument.*

EL E G Y III.

PErceiving this, a Stranger did Endite,
 Believe that Sickneſs would not let me Write;
 In the extreameſt Region, Sick I lye,
 Not knowing whether I ſhall live or die.
 What Satisfaction in the Climate ſhines,
 Which on the *Getes* and *Sauromates* confines?
 The Air and Water ſtrange and odd appear,
 My Temper can't the frozen Climate bear;
 Poor's my Apartment, and my Diet bad,
 No Health-reſtoring Phyſick's to be had.
 Here is no pleaſant Friend to paſs away
 In kind Diſcourſe the long and tedious Day;

But

But here upon my Bed of Sickneſs caſt,
 I think of many Things which now are paſt.
 And thou, my deareſt Wife, above the reſt,
 Doſt hold the chiefeſt Place within my Breſt.
 Thy abſent Name is mention'd ſtill by me,
 And every Day and Night I think on thee.
 Sometimes I ſpeak Things without Senſe or Wit,
 That I may Name thee in my Frantick Fit.
 If I ſhould Swoond, and that no heating Wine,
 Could give Life to this fault'ring Tongue of mine,
 To hear of thy Approach would make me live,
 Thy very Preſence would new Vigour give.
 Thus I moſt doubtful of my Life am grown,
 But thou perhaps liv'ſt Merrily at Home.
 No, I dare ſay, that thou, my Deareſt Wife,
 Doſt in my Abſence lead a mournful Life.
 Yet if the Number of my Years be done,
 And that my haſty Thread of Life is ſpun,
 You Gods, you might with Eaſe have let me have
 Within my native Land a happy Grave.
 If that you would have let my Death prevent
 My fatal Journey unto Banishment,
 Then had I dy'd in my Integrity,
 But I now here a Banish'd Man muſt die.
 And ſhall I here reſign my weary Breath?
 The Place makes me unhappy in my Death,
 Upon my Bed I ſhall not fall a ſleep,
 And none upon my Coffin here ſhall weep.
 Nor ſhall my Wife's Tears, while that they do
 (fall
 Upon my Face, me unto Life recal.
 I ſhall not make my Will, nor with ſad Cries
 No Friendly Hand ſhall cloſe my dying Eyes.
 Without a Tomb, or Funeral, I ſhall be,
 While as the Barbarous Earth doth cover me.

Which when thou hear'st be not with Grief oppress'd,

Nor do not thou for Sorrow beat thy Breast.

Why should'st thou ring thy tender Hands in vain?

Or call upon thy wretched Husband's Name?

Tear not thy Cheeks, nor cut thy Hair for me,

For I am not (good Wife) now took from thee.

When I was Banish'd, then I Dy'd, alas!

For Banishment than Death more heavy was.

Now I would have thee to rejoice, (good Wife,)

Since all my Grief is ended with my Life;

And bear thy Sorrows with a valiant Heart,

Mishaps have taught thee how to play thy part.

And with my Body may my Soul expire,

That so no part may 'scape the greedy Fire.

For if to *Pythagoras* we may Credit give,

Who saith the Soul Eternally doth Live,

My Soul 'mongst the *Sarmatick* Shades shall stray,

And to the cruel Ghosts ne'er find the Way.

Yet let my Ashes be put in an Urn,

So being Dead I shall again Return.

This Lawful is, the *Theban* being Dead,

His Loving Sister saw him Buried.

And let sweet Powder round my Bones be laid,

And so into some secret Place convey'd;

Graving these Verses on a Marble Stone,

In Letters to be read by every one.

' *I Ovid, that did write of wanton Love,*

' *Lye here, my Verse my Overthrow did prove,*

' *Thou that hast been in Love, and passest by,*

' *Pray still that Ovid's Bones may safely lye.*

This Epitaph shall suffice, since my Books be

A far more lasting Monument to me.

Which tho' they hurt me, yet shall rise my Name,

And give their Author everlasting Fame.

Yet let thy Love in Funeral Gifts be shew'd,
And bring sweet Garlands with thy Tears bedew'd.
Those Ashes which the Funeral Fire shall leave,
Will in the Urn thy pious Love perceive.
More would I write, but that my Voice is spent,
Nor can my dry Tongue speak what I invent ;
Then take my last Words to thee ; live in Health,
Which tho' I send to thee I want myself.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Ovid doth to his Friend advise
A Life of Greatness to despise ;
Since Thunder doth the Hill Assail,
While quiet Peace lives in the Vale.*

E L E G Y IV.

MY always dearest Friend, but then most known,
When I by adverse Fortune was o'erthrown,
If thou wilt take the Counsel of a Friend,
Live to thyself, do not too high Ascend.
Since Thunder from the highest Tower doth come,
Live to thyself, and glittering Titles shun ;
For tho' the Beams of Greatness may us warm,
Yet greatest Men have greatest Power to Harm.
The naked Sail-yard fears no Storm at all,
And greater Sails more dangerous are than small.
The floating Cork upon the Waves doth swim,
While heavy Lead doth sink the Net therein.

Of these Things had some Friend Admonish'd me,
 Perhaps I had been still at *Rome* with thee ;
 While as a gentle Wind did drive me on,
 My Boat through quiet Streames did run along.
 He that by Chance doth fall upon the Plain,
 He falleth so that he may rise again.
 But when *Elpenor* from a high House fell,
 His Ghost went down to *Pluto*, King of Hell.
 Though *Dædalus* his Wings did him Sustain,
 Yet falling *Icarus* gave the Sea his Name.
 Because that he flew high, the other low,
 Whilst both of them their Wings Abroad did throw.
 The Man that unto Solitude is bent,
 Doth live most happy if he be Content.
Eumenes of his Son was not deprived,
 Until that he *Achilles* Horses guided.
 And *Phaethon* had not died in the Flame,
 If that his Father could his Will restrain.
 Then fear thou still to take the higher way,
 And in thy Course draw in thy Sails I pray.
 Thou worthy art to live most fortunate,
 And to enjoy a candid happy Fate.
 Thy gentle Love deserves this Praise of mine,
 Since thou didst cleave to me in every Time.
 I saw how that thy Grief for me was shown,
 Even in thy Looks most like unto my own.
 I saw thy Tears which on my Face did fall,
 And with my Tears I drunk thy Words withal.
 Now to thy absent Friend thou yield'st Relief,
 Thereby to lighten this my heavy Grief.
 Live thou unenvy'd, Honour Crown thy End,
 For thou art worthy of a Noble Friend.
 And love thy *Ovid's* Name, which cannot be
 Banish'd, tho' *Scythia* now containeth me,

For me a Land near to the Bear doth hold,
 Whereas the Earth is frozen up with Cold.
 Here *Bosphorus* and *Tanais* doth remain,
 And Places which have scarcely any Name,
 Inhabitable Cold doth dwell beyond,
 For I am near unto the farthest Land.
 My Country and my Wife are absent far,
 And with them Two all Things that dearest are.
 Yet tho' with them I cannot present be,
 Within my Fancy I their Shape do see;
 My House, the City stands before my Eyes,
 And all my Actions in their Place do rise.
 My Wife's dear Image doth it self present,
 Which doth increase and lighten Discontent.
 Her Absence grieveth me, but then again
 My Comfort is she constant doth remain.
 And you, my Friends, do cleave unto my Breast,
 Whose Name I wish by me might be exprest.
 But wary Fear doth my Desire restrain,
 And you, I think, do even wish the same;
 For tho' that heretofore you pleased were,
 When as your Names did in my Verse appear,
 Yet now I'll talk with you within my Breast,
 Nor shall your Fears by my Verse be increast.
 Nor shall my Verse disclose a secret Friend,
 Love secretly, and love me to the End:
 And know, tho' we by absence are disjoyn'd,
 Yet you are always present in my Mind.
 Then strive to ease those Grievs which I sustain,
 And lend your Hand to help me up again,
 So may your Fortune prosperous remain,
 And never have just Cause to ask the same.

The ARGUMENT.

*By a feigned Name he doth commend
One Carus that had been his Friend ;
And then doth mitigate his Fault,
Since Error him to Ruin brought.*

ELEGY V.

MY use of Friendship with thee was but small,
And if thou wilt thou may'st say none at all :
But that thy Love most Faithful I did find,
When as my Ship fail'd with a gentle Wind.
When once I fell, then all did shun my Wrack,
And all my Friends on me did turn their Back.
Yet thou, when I was stricken with *Jove's* Flame,
Didst visit me, and to my House then came :
And in thy fresh Acquaintance thou didst show
More Love, than all my antient Friends would do.
I saw thy amaz'd Count'nance at that Time,
Thy Face bedew'd with Tears, more pale than
(mine :
And seeing Tears fall at each Word, my Ears
Did drink thy Words, my Mouth did drink thy
(Tears :
Thou didst embrace my Neck, and then betwixt
Some loving Kisses with thy Sighs were mixt ;
Now absent thou defendest me again,
Thou know'st that *Carus* is a feigned Name :
And many Tokens of thy Love appear,
Which I in Memory will ever bear.

The

The Gods shall make thee able to defend
 Thy Friends unto a far more happy End.
 To know how I do live if thou require,
 As it is likely that thou dost desire,
 I have some Hope, which do not take from me,
 That those offended Powers will pleased be ;
 Which being vain, or if it may befall,
 Do thou allow my Hope, though it be small.
 Bestow thy Eloquence upon that Theme,
 To shew it may fall out as I do mean.
 The greatest Men are placable in Wrath,
 A generous Mind a gentle Anger hath.
 When Beasts unto a Lion prostrate lye,
 He ends the combat with his Enemy.
 But Wolves and Bears their yielding Foes do kill,
 And the inferior Beasts are cruel still.
 Who like *Achilles*? Yet even he appears,
 To be much mov'd with *Dardanus* sad Tears.
Emathion's Clemency is best declar'd,
 Even by those Funeral Rites which he prepar'd.
 And that I may no Man's calm'd Anger show,
 Even *Juno's* Son-in-Law was once her Foe.
 Lastly, I needs must hope since at this Time
 I am not punish'd for a heinous Crime.
 I did not plot against great *Cæsar's* Life,
 To ruin him, by sowing civil Strife.
 I never yet did rail against the Time ;
 Or speak against him in my Cups of Wine.
 But am punish'd for beholding of a Fault,
 Which I through Ignorance beheld, unsought.
 Yet all my Fault I cannot well defend,
 Tho' in part thereof I did not Ill intend.
 So that I hope that he will pleased be,
 To grant an easier Banishment to me.
 I wish the Morning-star that brings the Day,
 Would bring this News, and quickly post away.

The ARGUMENT.

*His Friend's Fidelity he doth praise,
And to excuse himself assays ;
Desiring if he have any Grace
At Rome, to use it in his Case.*

ELEGY VI.

OUR League of Friendship thou wilt not conceal :
Or if thou would'st, it would itself reveal.
For while we might none was more dear to me,
And I do know I was belov'd of thee.
And this our Love was to the People known,
So that our Love more than our selves was known.
The Candour of thy Mind is easily seen,
Of him who for thy Friend thou dost Esteem,
Thou nothing from my Knowledge did conceal,
And I my Secrets did to thee reveal.
For all my Heart and Secrets thou didst know ;
Excepting that which wrought my Overthrow ;
Which hadst thou known, thou would'st have
(counsell'd me
So well that I should never Banish'd be.
But 'twas my Fate drew on my Punishment,
And cross'd me in any Good Intent.
Yet whether that I might this Evil shun,
Our Reason cannot Fortune overcome :
Yet thou to me my old Acquaintance art.
And of my Love thou hold'st the greatest Part.

Be mindful then, and if thou Gracious be
 At Court, then try what thou can'st do for me;
 That *Cæsar* being unto Mildness bent,
 May change the Place of my sad Banishment.
 Even as I did no Wickedness devise,
 Since that my Fault from Error did arise,
 It would be tedious, not safe, to unfold,
 By what Chance these Eyes did that Act behold.
 Such shameful Deeds as do the Ear affright,
 Should be concealed in Eternal Night.
 I must confess therefore my former Fault,
 Yet no Reward by my Offence I sought.
 And for my Fault I may my Folly blame,
 If to my Fault thou wilt give a true Name.
 If this be false then further banish me,
 These Places like unto *Rome's* Suburbs be.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Letter here he doth command
 To fly unto Perhilla's Hand;
 And sheweth that the Muses give
 Immortal Fame, which still shall live.*

ELEGY VII.

GO thou my Letter, being writ so fast,
 And to salute *Perhilla* make thou haste.
 To sit hard by her Mother she still uses,
 Or else to be amongst her Books and Muses:

D ;

What

What e'er she does, when she knows thou art come,
 She'll ask thee how I do that am undone ;
 Tell her I live, but wish I did not so,
 Since length of Time can never ease my Woe.
 Yet to my Muse I now returned am,
 Making my Words to Verse to flow again ;
 And ask her why she doth her Mind apply ;
 To common Studies, not sweet Poesy ?
 Since Nature first did make thee Chaste and Fair,
 Giving thee Wit, with other Things most rare,
 I first to thee the Muses Spring did show,
 Lest that sweet Water should at Waste still flow.
 For in thy Virgin Years thy Wit I spy'd,
 And was as 'twere thy Father, and thy Guide.
 Then if those Fires still in thy Breast do dwell,
 There's none but *Lesbia* that can thee excell :
 But I do fear that since I am o'erthrown,
 That now thy Breast is dull and heavy grown :
 For while we might we both did read our Lines,
 I was thy Judge and Master oftentimes.
 And to thy Verses I an Ear would lend,
 And make thee Blush when thou didst make an
 (End.

Yet now perhaps it may be thou dost shun.
 All Books, because my ruin thence did come ;
 Fear not *Perhilla*, but all Fear remove,
 So that thy Writings do not teach to love :
 Then learned Maid, no Cause of Sloth still Frame,
 But to thy sacred Art return again.
 That comely Face will soon be spoil'd with Years,
 While aged Wrinkles in thy Brow appears ;
 Old Age will lay hold on thy outward Grace,
 Which cometh on still with a silent Pace.
 To have been Fair it will a Grief then be,
 And thou wilt think thy Glass doth flatter thee.

Thy Wealth is small, tho' thou deserveſt more,
 But yet ſuppoſe thou haſt of Wealth great ſtore,
 Yet Fortune when ſhe liſts doth give and take,
 And of Rich *Cræſus* ſhe can *Irus* make.
 All things are ſubject to Mortality;
 Except the Mind and Ingenuity.
 For tho' I want my Country, Friends, and Home;
 And all Things took from me that could be gone,
 Yet ſtill my Muſes do with me remain,
 And *Cæſar* cannot take away my Vein.
 Who tho' he ſhould me of my Life deprive,
 Yet ſhall my Fame when I am dead ſurvive.
 While *Rome* on ſeven Hills doth ſtand in fight,
 My Works ſhall ſtill be read with much Delight.
 Then of thy Study make this happy Uſe,
 To ſhun the Power of Death even by thy Muſe.

The A R G U M E N T.

*His Country he deſires to ſee,
 If Cæſar would ſo pleaſed be;
 Then mournfully he doth complain,
 And ſhews what Grief he doth ſuſtain.*

E L E G T VIII.

I Wiſh I could *Triptolemus* Wain aſcend,
 Who firſt did Seed unto the Earth commend:
 Or guide *Mede's* Dragons thro' the Air,
 With which ſhe once from *Corinth* did repair:

I wish that I had *Perseus* Wings to fly,
 Or *Dædalus* his Wings to cut the Sky,
 That while the Air did yield unto my Flight,
 I might enjoy again my Country's sight;
 And see my poor forsaken House again,
 My Wife, and those few Friends that do remain.
 But why dost thou so foolishly require,
 When thou can'st ne'er attain to thy Desire?
 Instead of wishes unto *Cæsar* send,
 And strive to please him whom thou didst offend.
 If he repeal thy Banishment, his Word
 Can give thee Wings to fly like to a Bird.
 Perhaps when once his Wrath doth milder grow,
 He to my Suit will then some Favour shew:
 And I beseech him how in the mean Time,
 Some easier Place of Exile to assign.
 This Air and Climate both Contrary be,
 Continual Sickness seizeth here on me.
 Either my sick Mind makes my Body ill,
 Or else the Air doth some Disease instil.
 Since I to *Poncus* came each Night I dream,
 I do distaste my Meat, my Limbs grow Lean.
 Like that Pale Colour which in Leaves is seen,
 When they by Autumns Frost have nipped been.
 So do I look, being pin'd away with Grief,
 Having no Friend to yield me some Relief.
 For I am sick in Body, and in Mind,
 In both of which I equal Pain do find.
 Methinks my Fortune stand before my Eyes,
 In a sad Shape repleat my Miseries.
 When I beheld the People, and the Place,
 Comparing past Time with my present Case,
 Then I am willing to resign my Breath,
 Wishing I had been punished with Death:
 But yet since he was more milder bent,
 Let him now grant me milder Banishment.

The ARGUMENT.

Ovid *briefly doth explain*
How Tomos first did get that Name.

ELEGY IX.

ARE here some Cities (who can it believe)
 That from the *Greeks* did first their Name
 (receive ?

While Husbandmen even from *Miletus* came,
 And 'mongst the *Getes* did *Græcian* Houses frame,
 Yet this same Place doth anciently retain,
 Still from *Absyrtus* Murder this same Name :
 For in that Ship which *Pallas* Name did bear,
 And in those unknown Seas her Course did steer,
 While fierce *Medea* from her Father fled,
 Unto these Shores her fatal Sails she spread,
 Which from a Hill one viewing on the Land,
 Cries out, *Medea's* Sails do hither stand.

The *Myniæ* trembled, and without Delay
 Run to their Ropes, and all their Anchors weigh :
 While that *Medea* struck her guilty Breast,
 With that same Hand which had in Blood been
 (drest.

And though her former Courage did remain,
 Yet still her Blood in Paleness went and came.
 But when she saw the Sails, we are betray'd,
 Quoth she, my Father's Course must be delay'd,
 By some New Art ; while thus she doth devise,
 By fatal Chance her Brother she espies ;

And

And having spy'd him, now, quoth she, 'tis done,
 For from his Death my Safety now shall come ;
 And with a Sword she ran him through the Side,
 Who little thought by her Hand to have dy'd ;
 Then tears his Limbs in pieces, and on the
 (Ground

She scatters them, that so they may be found
 In many Places: And that her Father may
 Not pass by it, she places in his Way
 His bleeding Head, and both his pale cold Hands,
 Which set upon a Rock before him stands :
 And while that horrid Sight did stop her Father,
 He stay'd his Course those scattered Limbs to ga-
 (ther ;
 Whence *Tomos* got the Name, because that here
Medea first her Brother's Limbs did tear.

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid lively doth describe
 The Country where he doth abide,
 Which in this sport Map you may view,
 While he in Banishment then drew.*

ELEGT X.

IF any yet do think of *Naso's* Name,
 Which yet within the City doth remain,
 Know that I live within a Barbarous Land,
 Which near unto the *Northern* Pole doth stand.

The

The *Sauromates* and *Getes* do hemm me in,
 Whose ruder Names my Verse do not beseeem.
 While th' Air is warm we then defended are
 By *Isther*, whose fair Stream keeps back the War.
 But when that *Boreas* once did fly abroad,
 Those Country's he with heavy Snow doth load,
 Nor doth the Snow dissolve by Sun or Rain,
 But the *North* Wind doth make it still remain:
 New Snow doth fall on that which fell before,
 While that the Earth is doubly cover'd o'er.
 Such is the *North* Winds Force when it doth blow,
 That Towers and Houses it doth overthrow.
 The freezing Mob short Coats and Mantles wear,
 To guard their Faces from the fullen Air.
 From their long Hair a rustling sound is heard,
 And hoary Frost shines on each Icy Beard.
 The Fragrant Wine to Ice substantial turns,
 Nor longer now in Purple Channels runs.
 What should here of Frozen Rivers tell,
 Or Waters dug from Pits as deep as Hell?
 For *Isther* here with *Nile* may equal be,
 Whose sevenfold Streams sink in the raging Sea.
 His Azure Waves hid o'er with Ice he keeps.
 And so unseen into the Ocean creeps,
 Where Ships did sail the lab'ring Horses tread.
 And on the River find an Icy Bed,
Sarmatian Oxen draw their Waggon's o'er
 Arches of Icy, stretch'd wide from Shore to Shore.
 'Tis strange, yet true, but this as Fact regard
 Since Fictions here can bring me no Reward,
 We've seen the Ocean crufted o'er with Ice,
 And the Sea bound, with Frozen Fetters, twice.
 Dry on the Ocean's Breast we often walk,
 And there, as in some pleasant Meadows, talk.
 Had bold *Leander* such a Shore decry'd,
 The Lover ne'er had in the Ocean dy'd.

The crooked *Dolphins* cannot here repair
 To the Sea's Verge to suck the Balmy Air.
 And tho' the Winds with all their Fury blow,
 No Storms the Seas or rising Billows know.
 No Vessels there upon the Billows ride,
 No well-play'd Oars the heavy Waves divide.
 The scaly Fish in Icy Fetters bound,
 Upon the Beach half Dead are often found,
 If surly *Boreas* with too Powerful Force
 Stagnates the Sea, and stops the River's Course.
 When *Isther* by dry Whirlwinds is congeal'd
 No longer then the Foe can be conceal'd.
 Who skilful in their Horsemanship and Bow,
 Waste all around where'er their Armies go.
 The Peasants fly, and none defend their Fields,
 Whilst their poor Stock some little Pillage yields.
 Their Riches is their Cattle, and their Wains,
 And some mean Wealth which their low Cots con-
 (tains ;

Some by the Barbarous Foe when Captive took,
 Leave their dear Earth with many a heavy look.
 Others struck deep by barbed Arrows die,
 Whose poison'd Heads with winged Vengeance fly.
 What they can't take maliciously, they spoil,
 And with hot Flames their Icy Gods defile.
 The fearful Swain for fear of being kill'd,
 Neglected leaves his widow'd Farm untill'd.
 Not here the Grapes hangs in a leavy Shade,
 Nor is their Wine from purple Clusters made.
Acontius here could not an Apple find
 To write his Passion, and disclose his Mind.
 Her naked Fields see no returning Spring,
 Nor on the Trees the chearful Birds do sing.
 And tho' the World hath such a large Extent,
 Here only I must suffer Banishment.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Ovid is here oblig'd to write
 'Gainst one who rail'd at him in Spite ;
 Whom he with Clemency reproves,
 And not his Anger, but his Pity, moves.*

ELEGY XI.

YOU who condemn my ruin'd lost Estate,
 And make a Jest of my unhappy Fate.
 Were Nurst on Rocks, and by a Tyger bore,
 To some fell Tyger on the *Hyrcean* Shore.
 Oh whether does your cruel Rage extend ?
 Or where must my unheard-of Sorrows end ?
 The barbarous Shores of *Pontus* me enfold,
 And Regions frozen with eternal Cold.
 For as a Hart hunted by Lions shakes,
 Or as a Lamb pursu'd by Tygers quakes,
 So when these Nations round our Walls enclose,
 I fear, encompass by tremendous Foes.
 Suppose it were no Punishment to me,
 Of Wife and Children thus depriv'd to be ;
 Tho' nothing troubled me but *Cæsar's* Rage,
 No healing Balm can such a Grief assuage.
 Yet there are some who with malicious Smart
 Encrease my Cares, and Wound my bleeding
 (Heart.
 Against the Unhappy every one can speak,
 And little strength a bending Twig may break.

It

It shews some Force to throw down Walls which
 (stand,
 When falling Towers yield to the weakest Hand.
 Why do you persecute my empty Shade ?
 Or why with Injuries my Grave invade ?
 Tho' *Hector* in the Wars could shew his Face,
 Yet *Hector* Dead ty'd to a *Græcian* Horse
 Was dragg'd about ; nor am I now the same,
 And nothing but my Shadow does remain.
 Then why unjust do you so fiercely rail,
 With piercing Words, which o'er my Soul prevail ?
 Suppose my Crimes were true, my chiefest Fault
 Was by Mistake, and not Intention, wrought.
 Then glut your Anger with my Punishment,
 And please your Fancy with my Banishment.
 A Murderer would lament my wretched Fate
 You think me not enough unfortunate.
 Fierce as *Busiris*, or that cruel Man,
 Who first to fashion brazen Bulls began.
 And on *Sycilian* Tyrants them dispos'd,
 Whilst thus his Art the cruel Artift shew'd,
 This Work, Oh King, is of stupendious Make,
 We can no Notion from our outside take.
 See there's contriv'd in the vast Brazen Side
 Two Folding Doors, which do the Bull divide,
 Whom you would kill in its vast Cavern hide. }
 Beneath put Fire, and when the Metal glows,
 The tortur'd Wretch just like a Bullock Lows,
 Then left this Gift of so stupendious Use,
 Rewards most worthy of it self produce.
 The King reply'd, since you did first invent
 So cruel, strange, and odd a Punishment,
 You first shall feel it. So the Inventa thrown
 Into his impious Work began to Groan.
 But to return from Rich *Sicilia's* Field,
 What Theme for Railing can the unhappy yield ?
 If

If you desire to quench your Thirst with Blood,
And from my Veins would see a Crimson Flood,
So much I've suffer'd both by Land and Sea,
That ev'n this Fate will no Affliction be.

Ulysses was not in so great Distress
Since *Neptune's* Ire, is than the Thunder less?
Then cease to tell me of my former Stains,
Nor tear with impious Hands my bleeding Veins.
Let Time my Faults in long Oblivion hide,
Which dare not once again the Day abide.
Since Fortune oft lays low, and does advance,
Be you afraid of her uncertain Chance.
But since you're thus inquisitive to know,
The cruel Scene of my unhappy Woe,
My Fate is sad, I all that's Ill sustain,
The Foe of *Cæsar* needs no other Pain.
And if you think I do my Cares augment,
I wish you only bore my Punishment.

The ARGUMENT.

*Tho' it be Spring in every Place,
The Pontick Shore no Verdures Grace.
Hence be Petitions to be sent
Unto some milder Banishment.*

ELEGY XII.

NOW *Zephirs* warm the Air, the Spring's begun,
And flow-pac'd Winter all its Rage has done.

The

The Ram which bore fair *Hellen* once away,
 Has made the Night coequal with the Day.
 Now Boys and Lasses gather in the Field
 Sweet-smelling Flowers, which bounteous Nature
 (yields.

Fair-colour'd Flowers in the Meadows spring,
 And now the Birds their untaught Notes do sing.
 The Swallow now doth build her little Nest
 Under some Beam, wherein her Eggs may rest.
 The Seed which long since in the Ground was laid,
 Is now shot forth into a tender Blade.
 And now young Buds upon the Vine appear,
 Altho' the *Getick* shore no Tree does bear ;
 'Tis their Vacation, and the Wars at Court
 Do now give Place to Plays, and other Sport :
 Now they do Tilt, and Feats of Arms assay,
 Now with the Ball and with the Top they play,
 Young Men anointed now with Oil, begin
 To bathe their Limbs within the Virgin Spring :
 The Scene doth flourish, and new Strains are found,
 Which make the Three Theatres to resound.
 O Four Times happy sure, and more, is he
 That to enjoy the City now is free..
 But here I see the Snow melt with the Sun,
 The undigg'd Waters now begin to run.
 The Sea is not frozen, nor doth the Swain
 Over the *Isther* drive his creaking Wain.
 Yet when that any Ship doth hither sail
 And Anchor at our Shore, then without fail
 I run to the Master, and after Salutation
 I ask him whence he comes ? and of what Nation ?
 And 'tis a Wonder if he be not one
 That from some Neighbour Country then doth
 From *Italy* few Ships do ever stand, (come.
 To come unto this Heaven-wanting Land.

Whether

Whether his Language *Greek* or *Latin* be?
 The latter is most welcome unto me.
 If any from *Propontius* here arrive,
 While a North Wind his spreading Sails doth drive?
 He may inform me of the common Fame,
 And orderly he may relate the same.
 For of Great *Cæsar*'s Triumph I do hear,
 And of those Vows to *Jove* performed were.
 And how rebelling *Germany* in the end,
 Beneath our Captain's Feet her Head did bend.
 He that shall tell me these Things here exprest,
 I will invite him Home to be my Guest.
 Alas! Does *Ovid*'s House alone now stand?
 Being seated here within the *Styrian* Land;
 May *Cæsar* make this House of mine to be,
 Only an Inn of Punishment to me.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Against his Birth-day he doth complain,
 Which was now return'd in vain.*

ELEGY XIII.

BEhold my Birth-day, (for why was I Born?)
 Doth vainly unto me again return;
 Hard-hearted Day, why dost thou still extend
 My Years, to which thou should'st have put an End?
 If thou hadst any Care for me, or Shame,
 Thou wouldst not thus have followed me in vain.

But

But in that Place hath given me my Death,
 Where in my Childhood first I drew my Breath.
 And with my Friends, that now at *Rome* do dwell,
 Thou might'st at once have took thy last Farewel.
 What's *Pontus* unto thee? or art thou sent
 By *Cæsar's* wrath with me to Banishment?
 Do you expect your usual Honours here,
 Whilst a white Robe I on my Shoulders wear?
 Or that sweet Roses should encompass round
 The Altars with *Sabeian* Incense crown'd;
 Offering such Gifts as well become the Day,
 Whilst for your prosperous Return I pray.
 But now my Life's so intermixt with woe,
 That when you come I Joy nor Pleasure know.
 By Right you should a Funeral Altar View,
 With *Cyprus* spread, and Melancholy Yew.
 Now Incense to the Gods is cast away,
 O'erwhelm'd with Grief the Wretched cannot,
 Yet one request I'll make the Powers Divine, (Pray.
 That this returning Day may never shine;
 Whilst Banish'd on the *Pontick* Shore I live,
 Which falsly some the Name of *Euxine* give.

The A R G U M E N T.

*He begs the Favour of his Friend
 His numerous Verses to defend.*

E L E G Y XIV.

Y O U who each Path of sacred Learning know,
 Whence to my Lines can your Affection grow?
In

In happier Times you did my Numbers praise,
 And now I'm wretched you my Glory raise.
 To all my Volumes you a Lover prove,
 Except the Three which teach the Art of Love.
 Then since you love the *Pontick* Poet's strain,
 Amongst the *Romans* still my Fame maintain.
 The Poet, not his Books, are Banish'd thence,
 Nor should they suffer for the Bard's Offence.
 The Father banish'd, yet the Son survives,
 And oft by the Paternal Ruin thrives.
 My Verses now are like *Minerva*, born
 Without a Mother, wretched and forlorn.
 To you I send them, cruelly bereft
 Of all Defence; they're to your Honour left.
 Burnt by my Hand Three of my Volumes were,
 The rest defend with a propitious Care.
 And Fifteen Books of varied Forms were torn
 From my sad Pile, and from my Funeral Urn.
 That Work my Muse had near its Period brought,
 When by Mistake I my own Ruin sought;
 Which incorrected now the People read,
 If Works of mine can draw even Vulgar Heed.
 But let these Pages with their Brothers stand,
 Sent as a Present from a Foreign Land,
 Which who so Reads let him maturely weigh,
 What Time and Place produc'd this rough Essay.
 He'll Pardon me when he shall understand,
 That I was banish'd in a barbarous Land,
 And will admire that in my adverse Time,
 With a sad Hand I could draw forth a Line:
 Misfortunes have depriv'd me of my Strain,
 Altho' before I ne'er had a rich Vein.
 Yet whatsoe'er it was, even now it lyes
 Dry'd up for want of any Exercise.
 Here are no Books to feed me with Delight,
 But instead of Books the Bows do me affright.

Here

Here's none to whom I may my Lines rehearse,
 That can both hear and understand my Verse.
 I have no Place where I may walk alone,
 But with the *Getes* shut up in Walls of Stone.
 Sometimes I ask for such a Place's Name,
 But there is none can Answer me again.
 And when I fain would speak, I must confess
 I want fit Words my Mind for to express.
 The *Scythian* Language doth my Ear affright,
 So that the *Getick* Tongue I sure could write ;
 I fear lest you within this Book should see,
 That *Pontick* Words with *Latin* mingled be.
 Yet read it, and thereto a Pardon give,
 When thou considerst in what State I live.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Ovid the Errors of his Book excuses,
And tells what Ease he met with from his Muses.*

ELEGY I.

IF various Faults my erring Pages shew,
Reader impute those Errors to my Woe.
Careless of Fame, I only seek Relief,
And gentle Med'cines to assuage my Grief.
The lab'ring Slave, tho' bound with Fetters
(strong,
Lightens his Toil and Irons with a Song.
The Bargeman sings, who with a bended side
Shoves the slow Boat against the opposing Tide.
And he who tugs the spreading Oar with Pain,
With vocal Musick charms the wat'ry Plain.
The weary Shepherd sitting on a Hill,
Doth please his Sheep with piping on his Quill ;
And every Maid within the Country bred,
Will sing while she is drawing forth her Thread.
Achilles being sad for *Briseis* Loss,
The *Hæmonian* Harp did soften that same Cross.

E

While

While *Orpheus* for his Wife much Grief did shew,
 With his sweet Tunes the Woods and Stones he
 (drew,

So did my Muse delight me as I went,
 And bore me Company in my banishment.
 She fear'd no Treachery, nor the Soldier's Hand,
 Nor yet the Wind, or Sea, or Barbarous Land.
 She knew what Error first my Ruin brought,
 And that there was no Wickedness in my Thought.
 And since from her my Fault did first proceed,
 She is made guilty with me of that Deed.
 Yet still the Fear of Harm me so affrights,
 I scarce dare touch the Muses holy Rites ;
 But now a sudden Fury doth me move,
 And being hurt by Verse, yet Verse I love.
 Even as *Ulysses* took delight to Taste
 The Lot-tree which did hurt him at the Last,
 The Lover feels his Loss, yet does delight
 In it, and seeks to feed his Appetite.
 So Books delight me, which do me confound,
 Loving the Dart which gave me this same Wound.
 Perhaps this Study may a Fury seem,
 And yet to many it hath useful been,
 It makes the Mind that it cannot retain
 Her Grief in sight, but doth forget the same,
 As she ne'er felt the Wound which *Bacchus* gave ;
 But wildly on the *Idean* Hills did rave.
 So when a sacred Fire my Breast doth warm,
 My higher Fancy doth all Sorrow scorn ;
 It feels no Banishment or *Pontick* Shore,
 Nor thinks the Gods are angry any more ;
 And as if I should drink dull *Lethe's* Water
 I have no Sense of any Sorrow after.
 Needs must these Godeesses then honour'd be,
 Who from their *Helicon* did come with me.

And

And for to follow me they still did please,
 Either by Foot, by Shipping, or by Seas.
 And may they gracious unto me abide,
 Since that the Gods are all in *Cæsar's* side,
 While those Grievs whic'. they heap on me are
 (more

Than Fish in Seas, or Sands upon the Shore.
 The Flowers in Spring-time thou may'st sooner tell,
 Or *Autumns* Apples, or the Snow that fell,
 Than all my Grievs, being tossed to and fro,
 While I unto the *Euxine* shore do go:
 Where come, I found no change of Misery,
 As if Ill-fortune still did follow me.

My Thread of Life in one Course here doth run.
 Of black and dismal Wooll this Thread is spun.
 Tho' I omit my Danger and my Grief,
 I've seen such Mis'ries as are past Belief.

Amongst the barbarous *Getes* how can he live,
 To whom the People once such Praise did give?
 How grievous is it to be lock'd within
 A walled Town, and yet scarce safe therein?

For in my Youth all War I did detest,
 And never handled Weapons but in Jest;
 Now in my Hands a Sword and Shield I bear,
 And with my Helmet press my silver Hair.

When from an high the Watchman gives the
 (Alarm,

We take the Sign, and suddenly we Arm;
 And streight a Troop, with Poison'd Shafts and
 (Bows,

Around our Walls with dreadful fierceness goes.
 And as the Wolves bear tim'rous Sheep away,
 When in the Woods the Fleecy Ramblers stray,
 So on our Men the Foe Triumphant falls,
 When Chance or Fortune leads beyond the Walls.

Then Captives like their passive Necks do Chain,
Or else the Pris'ners are with Arrows slain,
'Tis in this Place I make my sad Abode,
And spent with Cares grieve with Life's weary
(Load.

Yet to the Muses I once more return,
And with the Love of sacred Numbers burn.
Yet there is none to whom I may recite
My Lines, or read the Verse my Thoughts endite;
But to myself alone I write and read,
And my own Works to Praise or Blame proceed.
Oft have I said, why do I vainly drudge,
When none that's here can of my Labours judge?
Oft when I write Tears trickle from my Face,
And briny Streams the blotted Lines deface,
And then my Heart renews its Grief once more,
Whilst on my Breast I brackish Rivers pour.
But when my former Joys appear in Thought,
And Bliss now past is to Remembrance brought,
Of my own Issue I the Murderer turn,
And in Despair my Filial Numbers burn.
Then since of Volumes these alone appear,
Indulgent Reader be not too severe.
And *Rome* do thou take in the kindest Part,
Verse sad, like me, and heavy as my smart.

The

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid Laments he cannot see
Triumphs for Conquer'd Germany.*

ELEGY-II.

NOW haughty *Germany* to *Cæsar* bows,
She kneels, and his superior Fate allows.
Now Palaces with verdant Garlands shine,
And smoaking Incense breathes an Air Divine.
Now a white Bull is as a Victim slain,
Whose purple Streams the blushing Pavement
(stain.

Now the Victorious Kings with Pomp prepare,
To pay their Vows in promis'd Gifts and Prayers;
And all the Youths who *Cæsar's* Fortune run,
Pray that his Life be endless as the Sun;
And Pious *Livia*, for her Son restor'd,
Presents the Gods, whose Favour she implor'd;
Matrons rejoyce, and Maids of chaste Desires,
Who guard in Vestals, fan external Fires.
The Senate's Joys blooms on each awful Face,
The Knights are glad, 'mongst whom I bore a
(Place.

These publick Joys are to me hardly known,
Scarce to the *Pontick* Shores by Rumour blown,
But on these Triumphs may the People look,
And read what Towns were by our Generals took,
Whilst Captive Kings, to increase their pompous
(flow,
Fetter'd and Bound in long Procession go.

With Eyes dejected, from themselves estrang'd,
 And Looks which shew how much their Fortunes
 (chang'd;

Whilst some desire their various Names to know,
 One knowing little thus describes the Show.
 He who in yonder Purple Robes does shine,
 Chief of the War, did first in Arms combine.
 He whose sad Eyes scarce from the Ground are
 (rear'd,

I did Nobler look when he in Arms appear'd.
 That cruel Man, whose Eyes still flame with Ire,
 By his Advice rais'd this unhappy Fire.
 He whose freight Hairs his ghastly Visage hide,
 Did for our Troops hid Ambuscades provide.
 That Fellow kill'd the Captives which he took,
 And gave Heav'n Victims that they could not brook.
 Those Mountains, Castles, Rivers, which you
 (view,

To Purple chang'd, forsook their Native Hue,
 Here *Drusus* purchas'd first his shining Fame,
 Worthy th' illustrious House from whence he came.
 The *Rhine* with humane Blood was cover'd o'er,
 And no green Reeds adorn his Sanguine Shore.
 With Hair deshevell'd, see *Germania* low,
 Bends at his Feet who struck the Fatal Blow,
 She to the *Roman* Ax her Neck does yield,
 Her Hands fast bound which once sustain'd a Shield.
 High above all Imperial *Cæsar* rides, (guides.
 And thro' the Coward his Conquering Charriot
 Thy Subjects by lowd Shouts their Joys proclaim,
 And scatter'd Flow'rs sweet as thy verdant Fame.
 Thy Temples circled with eternal Bays,
 The joyful Soldiers your great Actions praise,
 Whilst your fierce Horses stopt their bold Career,
 Disturb'd with Shouts, and all in Foam appear.

Then

Then to the Capitol's high Fane you go,
 And sacred Victims on the Gods bestow.
 Absent, these Actions I distinctly view,
 The pleasant Scene my thoughtful Fancy drew.
 Thro' spacious Lands the wanton Rambler strays,
 And soars to Heaven by imperious Ways.
 By help of her Imperial *Rome* I view,
 Each Friend I see, and think the Vision true.
 I see the Chariots which white Ivory Grace,
 And for a while enjoy my Native Place.
 Oh happy *Romans*, who behold this Light,
 And see their Captain with a vast Delight.
 But I, alas! to foreign Shores confin'd,
 Can view these Triumphs only in my Mind.
 No Friend is near who may these Triumphs tell
 To me, who banish'd do in *Pontus* dwell.
 But he who late the welcome Tidings bears,
 Shall see me dissipate my Grief and Cares.
 No Sign of Sorrow on that Day I'll show,
 But publick Joy shall drown my private Woe.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Here Ovid does himself address
 To the Two Bears, the Great and Less.*

ELEGY III.

YET radiant Signs, who from the *Ætherial*
 (Plain
Sydonians Guide, and *Greeks* upon the Main.

Who from your Poles all earthly Things explore,
 And never set beneath the *Western* shore.
 Whose lucid Orbs do glittering Beams display,
 As bright and shining as the Milky Way.
 Look on proud *Rome*, whose Walls Fair *Ilia*'s Son
 Leapt o'er, which Fact the Brother's Feuds begun.
 With gentle Rays look on my absent Wife,
 And tell me if she leads a constant Life. (clear?
 What makes me doubt her Faith, approv'd, and
 What makes me tremble thus, 'twixt Hope and
 Believe the Matron does in Truth excel, (Fear?
 Imagine as you wish, and all is well.
 What from your Knowledge Gods and Stars con-
 By just Reflection to your self reveal. (ceal,
 Think as your Mind is fix'd upon the Fair,
 That still she loves you with resembling Care;
 That in her Mind she does her Husband view,
 And whilst she lives will be sincere and true.
 Does gentle Sleep forsake your waking Breast?
 When by our mutual Woes my 'ffairs oppress.
 Does your sad Bed afford no kind Relief,
 And your nocturnal Thoughts but swell your Grief?
 Do Nights seem long whilst Sorrows inward burn?
 And do you sigh whilst restless oft you turn?
 These Pains I think she feels, and heavier Woes,
 And by her Sorrow she her Passion shews.
 You grieve as much as did great *Hector*'s Wife,
 Seeing the wretched Hero robb'd of Life;
 And by *Achilles* dragg'd upon that Plain,
 Where by his Hand was many a *Grecian* slain.
 Floating 'twixt various Doubts I scarce can tell
 What Passions in my Mind I wish to dwell.
 If you're concern'd I grieve, the cruel Cause
 That from your Eyes a briny Fountain draws.
 But yet my Wife do you lament my Cares,
 And mourn that Grief your Husband's Bosom tears.

Mourn

Mourn for my Fall, to mourn is some Relief,
 Your Tears do lessen and assuage my Grief.
 And would you could lament my Death, not Life,
 That by my Death I might release my Wife,
 Then in my Country I had dy'd, and dead,
 Your pious Tears had on my Urn been shed ;
 Your trembling Hand had clos'd my dying Eyes,
 Whilst they in vain look to'ards the *Ætherial* Skies,
 In a lone Tomb my Ashes had been spread,
 And had been buried where I first was bred ;
 Then I had dy'd without Remorse or Shame,
 No Exile branded my unhappy Name.
 Wretched am I your Cheeks if Blushes stain,
 That I am Bunish'd to the *Euxine* Main ;
 Wretched am I if you your Love decline
 Or blush that cruel Fate has made you mine.
 Where is the Time in which you took a Pride
 In *Ovid's* Name, and to be *Ovid's* Bride ?
 Gone are those Hours when with a charming Look
 You swore in being mine you Pleasure took.
 Sincere and Chaste you did in me delight,
 And Love increas'd my Value in your sight.
 Dear was this banish'd Exile to you then,
 And you preferr'd me 'fore all other Men.
 Then think it no disgrace to be my Wife,
 Lament, but blush not at your Husband's Life,
 When *Capaneus* his Death too rashly fought,
Evadne blush'd not at the Hero's Fault.
 When *Jupiter* did Fire with Fire suppress,
 The bold unhappy Boy was lov'd no less.
 And *Semele* lost not her Father's Love,
 Because she perish'd by her Suit to *Jove*.
 Then since I'm blasted with the Thunderer's Flame,
 Let not your Blushes shew your inward Shame ;
 But boldly your unhappy Spouse defend,
 That pious Matrons may your Life commend.

Approve your Virtue in my wretched State,
 Rough is the Path that leads to glorious Fate.
 If *Troy* had stood who had great *Hector* known?
 Our Virtue's most in our Misfortunes shown.
 Storms shew a Pilot when the Billows swell,
 We slight *Apollo* when the Patient's well.
 Virtues which lay in prosp'rous Hours conceal'd,
 Are by our Troubles and our Woes reveal'd.
 My wretched State may raise your shining Fame,
 And add fresh Beauties to your vertuous Name.
 Then use your Time for these unhappy Days
 Open a Way for your Eternal Praise.

The ARGUMENT.

*Here Ovid does himself address
 To that Friend, one Friend he constant found,
 Whose Name by Signs he does express;
 Who only smil'd when Fortune frown'd.*

ELEGY IV.

MY Friend, tho' thou a Gentleman was Born,
 Yet by your Virtue you your Birth adorn.
 Your Father's Kindness sparkles in your Mind,
 And yet that Mildness is with Courage joyn'd.
 In you your Father's Eloquence doth dwell,
 Whom in that Art no *Roman* did excel.
 Then since by Signs I only tell your Name,
 Your just Applauses can't my Numbers blame.

What

What tho' I should your noted Worth conceal ?
 Your rising Virtues would your Name reveal.
 I hope my Friendship, in my Verse is shown
 Will hurt you not, tho' 'tis to *Cæsar* known.
 His Temper's so indulgent, and so mild,
 That he permits his Name to this exil'd.
 Nor can he now forbid me if he wou'd
 To use his Name, *Cæsar's* a Common Good.
 Immortal *Jove* allows the Poet's Fire,
 His sacred Name their lofty Verse inspire.
 This Case by two Examples just I prove,
 By God-like *Cæsar*, and by Thund'ring *Jove*.
 But if the Emperor takes this Letter ill,
 I'll bear the Blame subservient to his Will.
 Nor by my Writings have I only err'd,
 But Face to Face have with my Friend confer'd.
 Think not, my Friend, you should the Envy bear,
 I promise to sustain the impendent Care,
 And not to hide a known and certain Truth,
 I lov'd your Father from my early Youth,
 And you are conscious he approv'd my Verse,
 And did with Smiles my tuneful Thoughts rehearse.
 Nor to your Worth do I Encomiums run,
 But only praise the Father to the Son.
 I flatter not, my Life defends my Fame,
 One only Action does my Conduct blame.
 But yet no Crime gave being to my Fault,
 My wretched Fate was by Misfortunes wrought.
 Mistakes and Errors brought me to this State,
 Oh then permit me to forget my Fate.
 My scarce-clos'd Wounds do not too rashly tear,
 Since Rest it self can hardly heal my Cure.
 And if to suffer I'm most justly thought,
 There was no wicked purpose in my Fault,
 Which *Cæsar* knowing, suffer'd me to live,
 Nor to another did my Fortune give.

And

And this same Banishment at length shall cease,
 When length of Time his Anger shall appease.
 Now 'tis my Prayer he would me hence remove,
 If this Request does not immodest prove,
 To some more easie Banishment, were, free
 From Wars, I might no hostile Squadrons see.
 And such is *Cæsar's* Goodness, that he'd grant
 To ask this Favour I so highly want.
 Now from the *Euxine* shores on Wars I look,
 Which from the *Poles* their Appellation took.
 The Billows rage with a tempestuous Wind,
 And Foreign Ships scarce a safe Harbour find.
 Around these Walls Blood-eating People live,
 Thus Sea and Land do equal Terrors give.
 Not far from hence smoak *Scythian* Altars stain'd
 With Strangers Blood, and horrid Rights profan'd.
 Those bloody Kingdoms once King *Thoas* had,
 Not envy'd nor desir'd, they were so bad.
 A Priestess here Fair *Iphigenia* stood,
 And to her Goddess offer'd humane Blood,
 Whether as soon as mad *Orestes* came,
 Burnt and consum'd with an internal Flame,
 And faithful *Phoceus*, Partner of his Care,
 Who shar'd his Friendship, and who shar'd his
 (Care,
 To this sad Altar they were bound, which stood
 Before high Brazen Gates, embu'd with Blood.
 Yet in themselves no Fear of Death they found,
 But each lamented for each other's Wound.
 The Maid with Sword in Hand stood ready there,
 A Fillet binding her neglected Hair.
 But when the sacred Maid her Brother knew,
 She grasp'd the *Hero* close she should have slew.
 Burning with Joy, she left the guilty Place,
 And chang'd those Rites the Goddess did disgrace.

But

But me my Fate has to these Regions run,
Which Gods and Men with equal Caution shun.
My Country still conceive these Rites Divine,
If such a Country may be reckon'd mine.
May me those Winds which bore *Orestes* hence
Convey to *Rome*, when Pardon'd's my Offence.

The ARGUMENT.

Ovid, his Sorrow to his Friend reveals,
Whose Name he purposely conceals.

ELEGY V.

O F all my Friends, the dearest and the best,
The softest Refuge of my wounded Breast,
By whose kind Words I felt my Soul return,
As Lamps, with Oil supply'd, reviving burn,
To my weak Bark a Port your Kindness gave,
By Thunder struck, and torn by many a Wave.
With whose free Store my Wants had been sup-
(ply'd,

Had *Cæſar's* Anger my Eſtate deny'd.
Preſt by my Cares, and by my Grief forlorn,
Your Name was near from my Remembrance torn.
But well you know whom theſe my Numbers

And with your Praise in bolder Strokes was seen ;
A lasting Name would you contented give,
And in my Numbers you should ever live.

But

But that I fear my grateful Verse should prove :
 Hurtful to you, and noxious to your Love.
 Then since you're safe rejoyce within your Mind,
 That I remember you was Just and Kind,
 And with your Friendship to assist me strive,
 Till from *Augustus* happier Gates arrive.
 Bear up this Head which none but he can save,
 Who plung'd me first deep in the *Stygian* Wave ;
 And which is rare, be constant to the End,
 In every Office of a worthy Friend ;
 So may your Fortune happily proceed,
 That you no help, but others thine may need.
 With Sense and Virtue may your Wife be blest,
 And may no Strife disturb your Nuptial Rest,
 To you may your Relations tender prove,
 And in their Kindness rival *Castor's* Love.
 May every Child possess your Face and Mind,
 And in your Son may we the Father find.
 Prolifick Children may your Daughters bear,
 And you the Name of Great-grand-father wear

The A R G U M E N T.

*Though length of Time does Grief assuage,
 Yet Ovid's Sorrows higher rage ;
 That tir'd with constant Woes and Care,
 His Life he can no longer bear.*

E L E G Y VI.

IN Time the Ox endures the heavy Yoke,
 And to the Labours of the Plough is broke.

The

The fiercest Steeds in length of Time submit,
 Yield to the Curb, and champ the foamy Bit.
 In Time the *Lybian* Lion calmer grows,
 And, broke with Age, no dreadful fierceness shows.
 Time gives fresh Beauties to the purple Vine,
 And swells the gen'rous Grapes with fragrant Wine.
 Apples in Time their streaky Colours shew,
 And buried Seeds do to a Harvest grow.
 Time wears the Plough-share and the Plough away,
 Cold Adamant unknits, and Flints decay.
 Time by its Force hot Anger does appease,
 It calms our Grief, and does our Sorrows ease.
 Thus length of Time does every Thing impair,
 Except the Load of my Eternal Care.
 Since I was banish'd Corn hath twice been sown,
 Twice has the Grapes into the Press been thrown.
 But yet by Time I can no Patience gain,
 My Mind most freshly does her Grief retain.
 Thus Aged Oxen often shun the Yoke,
 And the Horse scorns the Bit that once was broke.
 My present Grief is worse than that before,
 Tir'd by Delay my Pain but smarts the more.
 Grievs that are past seem light to those we bear,
 Which better known swell with augmented Care.
 Besides, 'tis something when with vig'rous Strength
 We fight, e'er tired with our Sorrow's length.
 The Wrestler at the first is tough and strong,
 But feeble grows when has wrestled long.
 Abler to fight the unwounded Fencer stands,
 Than he whose Blood has dy'd the purpled Sands.
 A new-built Ship repels the Billows power,
 When leaky Barks sink in the smallest shower.
 And with more Patience I my Sorrows bore,
 E'er Time increas'd my Cares, and made 'em more.

My

My bending Limbs grow faint, and I am sure
 This Body will not long my Cares endure.
 No blushing Colour paints my ghastly Face,
 But Yellow Wrinkles do my Cheeks disgrace.
 By Night and Day my Thoughts on Sorrows dwell,
 Neither my Body nor my Mind is well,
 Far are my Friends from hence, *Rome* is not near,
 Absent's my Wife, of all the World most dear.
 Present and absent Cares perplex my Breast,
Scythians and barbarous *Getes* disturb my Rest;
 Perplexed with Woes I hope but one Relief,
 Only that Death will ease my weighty Grief.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Poet's Sorrow here appears,
 That from his Friend he never bears.*

ELEGY VII.

WInter has Twice been follow'd by the Sun,
 And Twice has *Phæbus* thro' the Fishes run.
 In this long Time why did you never write,
 Nor yet some Lines to shew your Love endite?
 Of every Letter when I broke the Seal,
 I hop'd the Paper would your Name reveal.
 Oft I expected Letters sent from you,
 But to my Grief as yet I none could view.
 I sooner will believe *Medusa's* Head
 Turn'd Men to Sone, and struck the Living Dead.

Or

Or *Scylla*, or *Chimera*'s monstrous Fame,
 Lion and Serpent parted by a Flame.
 Or that the *Minotaur* hath ever been,
 Or that the Ghosts a *Cerberus* have seen.
 Or *Sphynx*, or *Harpies*, that had Serpents Feet,
 Or *Centaurs*, as the *Southern* Whirlwinds Fleet.
 I will believe these Things may sooner be,
 Than you are chang'd, or have forgotten me.
 For many Mountains now 'twixt you and I,
 Woods, Fields, and Sands, and mighty Oceans ly.
 A thousand Things your Letters may prevent
 Coming to me, tho' they were duly sent.
 Write often, and these Obstacles remove,
 And by your Diligence the Kindness prove.

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid laments that he is sent
 In his Old Age to Banishment.*

ELEGY VIII.

WHite as the Snow my silver Temples are,
 And hoary Age colours my fable Hair.
 Now Age and Weakness hurry on amain,
 And scarce my trembling Legs my Weight sustain.
 Now I should all my former Labours end,
 And without Fear my Life in Quiet spend.
 No Cares shall now disturb my Quiet Breast,
 At ease I now should in my Study rest.

Now

Now to the Gods I should devoutly bow,
 And my Paternal Lands at leisure plow.
 Secure I should in my Wife's Bosom lye,
 And in my Native Air grow old, and die.
 In such a Manner once I thought to have spent
 My hoary Years, with Life's last Scene, content.
 The Gods were not so pleas'd, for I am tost
 On *Pontick* Sands, and in *Sarmatia* lost.
 The shatter'd Vessels dozy Beds contain,
 Eroke by the Billows of the Angry Main.
 The generous Steed, which once so swift could run,
 Batter'd with Age, we to the Meadows turn.
 The Soldier, who no more his Arms can wear,
 Hangs up the Shield he did with Honour bear.
 So since by Time my weaken'd Limbs decrease,
 Age should this Exile of his Toils release.
 These are no Hours in Foreign Lands to stay,
 Nor at a *Getick* spring to waste the Day.
 In *Rome*, or in my Gardens Ever-green,
 I now should live, pleas'd with the alternate Scene.
 And thus not knowing what the heav'nly Powers
 Decreed, I thought to have spent my latest Hours.
 The Fate's withstood, tho' they at first did bless,
 My Youth, I wanted in the End Success.
 Now Fifty Years were ended without stain,
 The Dregs of Life gave me the greatest pain.
 Near to the Point at which my Labours aim'd,
 My latest Hours my former Life defam'd.
 Just at the Goal my Chariot Wheels were broke,
 And there my Life receiv'd its fatal stroke.
 Hard Case my Errors have incens'd his Ire,
 Whose peaceful Breast turns with a gentle Fire.
 Tho' to my Faults he did my Pardon give,
 Yet he permitted this lost Wretch to live.
 But I must live contiguous to the Pole,
 Where on the Beach the *Euxine* Billows roul.

This

If Pow'r I wanted to revenge my Harms,
 For me the Muses would appear in Arms,
 What tho' I breath beneath the *Scythian* Sky,
 And look on heavenly Signs for ever dry ?
 Yet thro' vast Tracts my lasting Praise shall go,
 And all the World shall my ill Usage know.
 What in the *West* I speak, the *East* shall hear,
 And *Eastern* Realms shall in my Cause appear.
 My Wrongs shall be beyond vast Oceans known,
 By pitying Winds to distant Regions blown ;
 Nor shall these Times alone your Actions blame,
 Succeeding Ages shall record your Shame.
 I'm fond of Battle, tho' I've hid the Cause,
 Which this my Mind from its calm Temper draws.
 The Baiting o'er the Bull yet threatening stands,
 And with a spurning Hoof casts up the Sands.
 But here my Muse restrain your equal Flame,
 Whilst he who wrong'd me may conceal his Name.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Soft moving Numbers here relate
 Ovid's preceeding Life and Fate.
 He shews his Birth, and doth Rebearse
 The Charms that made him fond of Verse.*

ELEGY X.

MY tuneful Lines Posterity approve,
 And praise the Bard who gave you Rules
 (to Love.
 At.

At *Sulmo* first where geted Fountains fall,
 I breath'd, thrice Thirty Miles from *Rome*'s proud
 Upon a signal Day, remembred well, (Wall.
 When slain in Battle both the Consuls fell,
 From Fortune's Smiles no Wealth or Pow'r I draw,
 Heir to my Grand-father I was by Law.
 My elder Brother saw the rising Morn,
 Just one revolving Year e'er I was Born.
 And for our Births, on one auspicious Day
 Our Parents to the Gods did Offerings pay.
 And of Five Feasts I have to *Pallas* made,
 This is the first that Grief did e'er invade.
 Our tender Youth by fond Paternal Care,
 Learnt all the Arts our early Years could bear.
 In Eloquence my Brother did delight,
 Able to bear the Laws contentious Fight ;
 But I, inflam'd with Love of Verse Divine,
 Pay'd Adoration to the Muses Shrine.
 In vain my Father would my Madnefs cure,
 Affirming *Homer* wretched dy'd, and poor.
 Aw'd with his Words I left the *Aonian* Well,
 And straight to writing Prose submissive fell ;
 But then my Lines would into Numbers run,
 And Verses ended Works in Prose begun.
 Now circling Hours to circling Hours gave Place,
 When purple Robes did both our Shoulders Grace.
 At Twenty Years of Age Death's shady Coast
 My Brother saw, and half myself I lost.
 Our early Studies Honour did invade,
 And of three Magistrates a Part I made.
 The Senatorial Gown oblig'd to wear,
 I wanted Strength the honour'd Charge to bear.
 My Mind nor Body could my Pains abide,
 And yet I shun'd ambitious, restless Pride,
 The *Aonian* Sister bid me seek my Ease,
 And my diverted Mind with Study please.

Fond of the Bard, and each Immortal Line,
 I thought the Poet and his Works Divine.
Macer to me in pleasing Numbers read
 The Force of Plants, and open Nature's Bed.
 To me *Propertius* did his Love rehearse,
 And charm'd me with his Friendship, and his Verse.
 In *Epict's Ponticus* beyond compare,
 For keen Iambicks tuneful *Ballus* rare,
 Both the Companions of my Studies were.
 The Lines of *Horace* did with Joy inspire
 My Soul, when sung to this harmonious Lir.
Virgil I only saw, and guilty Fate
 Snatch'd soon *Tibullus* from this Earthly State;
 And put a Period to our Friendship's Date.
Gallus some Time, *Tibullus* was before,
Propertius next, I made the Number Four.
 'Mongst Old and Young my rising Fame was blown,
 And my fam'd *Tbalia* thro' the World was known.
 Twice was the Down cut from my Youthful Chin,
 When to recite my Works I did begin.
Corinna was my fictious Lady's Name,
 It gave to both of us Immortal Fame.
 Much did I write, but Lines which fond Desire
 Seem'd to provoke, I threw into the Fire.
 And several Poems, too much charg'd with Woe
 I burnt, concern'd I must to Exile go.
 A light Occasion would create my smart,
 And Love could pierce me with the bluntest Dart.
 But tho' with Ease the Godmy Heart could move,
 Yet no lewd Crime lay hidden in my Love.
 Now yet a Boy I prov'd a Nuptial Life,
 Curs'd with the Charge of an expensive Wife.
 My next, tho' free from any guilty Stain,
 Did but a while within my Bed remain.
 My last, the Prop of my declining Life,
 Kindly can bear to be an Exile's Wife.

My second Daughter twice a Bride was led,
 As many Children blest her Genial Bed.
 Elder by me than Two and Thirty Years,
 No more in Life my aged Sire appears.
 My Tears for him admitted no Relief,
 And my dead Mother soon increas'd my Grief.
 Happy and Timely to the Grave they went,
 Before they saw my cruel Banishment ;
 And I am happy since they ne'er did know,
 By me occasion'd, either Grief or Woe.
 If our thin Shades escape the funeral Flame,
 And after Death we live besides in Fame.
 If you, my Father, hear this sad Report,
 That I am banish'd in the *Stygian* Court.
 Know, sacred Ghost, thou dear paternal Shade,
 That Errors only my Misfortune made.
 This to the Dead I now to you return,
 Who with desire to learn my Actions burn.
 Now hoary Hairs were o'er my Temples spread,
 Gone were the sable Curls which grac'd my Head.
 At *Pisa's* Race, the Horsemen most renown'd,
 With Olive-Branches has been ten-times Crown'd.
 When *Cæsar's* Ire commands me to explore
 Sad *Tomas*, and the cruel *Pontick* Shore,
 I need not tell the occasion of my Fall,
 Which is already too well known to all.
 Nor will I show the Wounds I did receive
 From treacherous Friends, which more than Exile
 But yet my Mind, invincible by Care, (grieve.
 Well did the Burthen of my Sorrows bear.
 Forgetting now the Ease which once I found
 My aged Waist in shining Arms I bound.
 In Perils more by Sea and Land I've been,
 Than Stars between the shining Poles are seen.
 Thro' various Ills, and dreadful Errors tost,
 At length I landed on the *Gerick* Coast.

Tho'

Tho' clashing Arms did round about me rage,
 Yet by my Cares I did my Verse assuage.
 Tho' none are here that can Applauses give,
 Yet in this Manner I the Hours deceive.
 Now that the Day not tedious seems, and slow,
 This Gift on me the Muses Smiles bestow.
 From *Isther's* Banks you did this Exile bring,
 And place me near the *Heliconian* Spring.
 Even whilst I live you raise my shining Name,
 And after Death shall give me lasting Fame.
 Envy which does at Actions great repine,
 Never yet carp'd at ~~my~~ Works of mine.
 Tho' several Bards have flourish'd in this Age,
 With equal Praise I always trod the Stage.
 Of others nothing Infamous I said,
 And I was always with Indulgence read.
 If with Prophetick Truths the Gods inspire
 A Poet's Breast, I shall survive the Fire.
 I thank my Readers for Immortal Fame,
 Whose Kindness will Eternalize my Name.

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid addressees to his Friend,
To whom he does this Book commend.*

ELEGY I.

THIS Book arriving from the *Pontick* Shore,
Add, my dear Friend, unto the other
(Four.

This much resembles the sad Author's
Heavy and dull as his malicious Fate. (State,
My Numbers well agreeing with my Care,
No happy Marks of Joy and Pleasure bear.
Easie I once did wanton Numbers chuse,
Now I repent the Lightness of my Muse.
Soon as I fell, I did my self proclaim
The unhappy Cause of my disastrous Fame.
So on the silver Stream, when Death is nigh,
The mournful Swan sings its own Elegy.
So cast forlorn on the *Sarmatick* Shore,
My own sad Funeral I here deplore.
If any wanton Verse to read incline,
Far let them fly from any such of mine.

Gallus and soft *Propertius* let them read,
 Whose blooming Names are from Oblivion freed.
 And in their Number would I might not fall,
 Woe's me ! I ever writ of Love at all.
 But now to *Scythia* for a Punishment,
 He who once sung the Quiver'd God, is sent.
 Yet still my Friends, pleas'd with my tuneful Liré,
 Neither forget the Poet, nor his Fire.
 If why I sing so much of Grief you'd know,
 Ascribe the Cause to my continu'd Woe.
 My Numbers now are void of Wit and Art,
 Of Wit my Sorrows now supply'd the Part.
 My numerous Cares beyond Expression swell,
 The Man's half happy who his Cares can tell,
 What Shrubs the Woods, what Sands the Seas
 (contain,
 What Blades of Grass spring up in *Mars's* Plain,
 So many Pains in Exile I endure,
 Of which the Muses only are the Cure.
 If you demand when my sad Verses end,
 I say, when happier Times my Fate attend.
 My Grief these Plaints from a sad Spring affords,
 They are not mine, but my Misfortune's Words.
 If me my Wife and Country you restore,
 I shall be pleasant as I was before.
 If *Cæsar's* Ire by Time more gentle be,
 I'll write you Verses Gay, and worthy me.
 Yet I'll take Care I'm not by Writing brought
 To Jest myself into my former Fault.
 I'll sing what shall by *Cæsar* be approv'd,
 If from the *Gerick* Shore I am remov'd,
 Till then my Grief my constant Theme shall be,
 My Liré with Funerals does well agree.
 But you may say, 'twas better to conceal
 Your Cares, than thus in Publick them reveal.

Tormented, you forbid me to complain,
 And chide my Groans, altho' I'm rack'd with Pain.
 In the Brass Bull, fram'd with malicious Skill,
 The Wretch condemn'd had Leave to groan his fill.
Pelides blam'd not *Priam's* sad Despair,
 You'd have me unconcern'd, my Sorrows bear.
 When *Dian Niobe* did Childless leave,
 She still indulg'd the Wretch the Power to grieve.
 Venting our Sorrows, we divert our Pain,
 This *Progne* makes Eternally complain.
 This made *Peantius* still at *Lemnos* groan,
 Piercing the Rocks with his ne'er-ceasing Moan.
 They hurt themselves that do their Cares conceal,
 Care gathers Strength till we our Grievs reveal.
 Indulge my Woe, or read not what I write,
 My Verse displeasing you gives me Delight.
 To none my Verses can Occasion pain,
 My Numbers only have their Author slain.
 You think my Lines unpleasant, so do I,
 Then unregarded throw my Pages by.
 But own at least that my neglected Muse
 Is more polite than these sad Coasts I use.
 Amongst her Poets, *Rome* should not compare,
 One who now breaths in the *Sarmatian* Air.
 I've no ambition for a glorious Name,
 Careless of what most Wings the Fancy, Fame.
 I wou'd not have my Mind consum'd with Care,
 Cares will break in, tho' they forbidden are.
 This makes me write, the Reason why I send
 My Books to *Rome*, is to discourse my Friend.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Author bids his Wife not fear,
Cæsar his Case will gently bear;
And at her Instance be content,
To grant him easier Banishment.*

ELEGY II.

WHY on Receipt of Letters are you pale ?
Why does your Hands to break them open
(fail ?

Fear not, I'm well, my Body, which too long
Shrunk under Pain, is now robust and strong;
And vex'd with Cares, sustains the Burthen still
Of Woes, not yet at Leisure to be Ill.
But yet my Mind no farther Strength obtains,
The same my Grievs are, and the same my Pains.
Those Wounds I thought Time would so firmly
(heal,

From them I still fresh Pains and Torments feel.
Time, I confess, may cure no mighty Woe,
But Pains severe by Time will greater grow.
Pœantius Ten whole Years the Wound did feed,
Which from a poison'd Snake did first proceed.
May Part then of my Grief his Ire appease,
May he take Drops from the o'erflowing Seas.
Tho' he shall ease me much, much shall remain
Of Woe, a Part will be like all my Pain.
What painted Shells are gather'd on the Sands,
What blushing Roses bloom in fertile Lands.

What

What numerous Grains are from the Poppey born,
 Whose purple Leaves mix with autumnal Corn ;
 What Leaves the Woods, what Fish the Waters
 (bear,

What Birds with nimble Pinions cut the Air.
 So many are my Grievs, and I as well
 The Drops of the *Icarian* Sea can tell.
 I hide my Dangers both by Sea and Land,
 And how my Life was fought by every Hand.
 Now in a barbarous World I breathe the Air,
 Where cruel Foes for Blood and War prepare.
 Guiltless of Blood, I far from hence should be
 Convey'd, if kindly you regarded me.
 The God by whom *Rome's* Power so great does
 (grow,

Has been to me a mild and gentle Foe.
 Why doubt you then ; go for my Pardon sue,
Cæsar will be most flexible to you.
 What should I do should you your Spouse forsake,
 And from my Load your weary Shoulders take.
 Safety or Comfort whence shall I provide,
 Since my torn Bark does at no Anchor ride.
 To ease my Cares I'll to the Altar run,
 The guiltiest Hands the Altars never shun.
 Absent to absent Powers I'll humbly sue,
 If I may speak my Mind, dread *Jove*, to you.
 Imperial Chief, by whose indulgent Sway,
Rome's Safety does, and gloriously obey,
 The prudent Notions of your Godlike Mind
 Are vast, and, like your Empire, unconfin'd.
 So dwell on Earth, that Heaven may you desire,
 And slowly to your promised Stars retire.
 Spare me great Power, and break the threaten'd
 (Blow,
 Enough of Punishment I still shall know.

Mild is your Irè, which suffers me to live,
 And kindly does the City's Freedom give.
 You spar'd my Wealth, nor seiz'd my Goods at all,
 Nor does your Edicts me an Exile call.
 All which I fear'd from him I did Incense,
 Your Wrath was easier much than my Offence.
 To send me to *Sarmatia* you did please,
 Whilst my Bark sail'd quite thro' the *Pontick* Seas.
 Touching those Shores where fable Billows roul,
 I landed close under the *Artick* Pole.
 I'm not more vex'd here with the Eternal colds,
 Nor with the Frost, which still its Empire holds.
 Nor to the *Getick*, that our Tongue gives Place,
 And *Græcian* Monuments the *Getes* deface.
 As that fierce War encircles me around,
 Safety behind these Walls is scarcely found.
 Peace is not sure, and trusting we're betray'd,
 In solemn Leagues we are of Arms afraid.
 So I remove, may me *Charibdis* take,
 And send my Ghost down to the *Stygian* Lake.
 In *Ætna's* scorching Flames I'll burn with Ease,
 Or drowning sink in the *Leucadian* Seas.
 Still to be wretched I must not refuse,
 But yet an easier Banishment I'd chuse.

The

The A R G U M E N T.

*The Poet begs the God of Wine
Would Cæsar to his Vows encline.*

E L E G Y III.

B *Accus*, if I remember well, this Day,
To thee the Poets their Oblations pay.
Tying sweet Garlands round their Heads Divine,
In Charming Verse they sound the Praise of Wine.
'Mongst whom, whilst suffer'd by invidious Fate,
I Sung, nor did you then this Exile hate.
Now in *Sarmatia* to the *Getes* too near,
I live subjected to the *Northern* Bear.
I who still led a Life exempt from Pains,
Pleas'd with the Muses, and their charming Strains,
Now *Getick* Weapons hold in either Hand,
Much having suffer'd both by Sea and Land.
Whether that Fate decreed me thus forlorn,
Or the sad Sisters frown'd when I was born;
To him you should have brought your Heavenly
(Aid,
Who to your Joy Adoration paid.
Or can no God alter the firm Decree,
Which once the Sisters have resolv'd should be?
You by your Merit now art plac'd on high,
Your Labour's past, you tread the *Ethereal* Sky.
Nor could your Native Soil confine your Fame,
You to *Getes* and Snowy *Strymon* came.

To *Persis* and the *Ganges* wàndring Bank,
 And to the Streams which Sun-burnt *Indians* drink.
 The *Parcæ*, who the Lots of Mortals spin,
 To you Twice-born, Twice this Decree did sing.
 If I my Case may with the Gods compare,
 As hard a Lot the Fates for me prepare ;
 And I with him into like Ruin fell,
 Whom *Jove* for boasting did from *Thebes* expel.
 Conscious your Poet was with Thunder struck,
 On him your Godhead might have Pity took.
 Remember *Semile*, whose haughty Pride
 Too high aspired, and who in Thunder dy'd.
 You might have said, viewing your Poets, thus,
 One Bard I want, which still much honour'd us.
 Help me *Jove's* Son, so may the fruitful Vine
 Load the tall Elm, and swell with fragrant Wine.
 So may the *Satyrs* with sweet Chaplets crown'd,
 In wild distracted Routs thy Praises sound.
 So may *Lycurgus* Bones be hardly prest,
 And *Pentheus* Ghost from Torments never rest.
 So may thy *Ariadne's* Lustre far
 Exceed the Beauty of the brightest Star.
 Come and assist me in this sad Estate,
 Remember I your Poet was of late.
 The Gods are Friends, propitious Powers encline
Cesar to Pity this lost State of mine.
 Your pious Bards for me Assistance ask,
 And pray for me o'er each religious Flask.
 Let one of you, when *Ovid's* Name he hears,
 Set down his Glass, and mix his Wine with Tears.
 Perchance he'll say, viewing the Table round,
 Where's now unhappy *Nasò* to be found?
 So let him say, if my indulgent Mind
 Was still to praise another's Verse enclin'd.

If I esteem the Writings of the Dead,
 And am myself with equal Pleasure read,
 If with *Apollo's* Favour you would Frame
 Your Verse, preserve amongst you still my Name.

The ARGUMENT.

*To Rome this mourning Letter bears
 The Author's sad Complaint and Cares,
 And praises much his Generous Friend,
 Sincere and Constant to the End.*

ELEGY IV.

I *Ovid's* Letter, from the *Euxine* Strand
 Am here arriv'd, fatigu'd by Sea and Land;
 Who weeping said, go you and visit *Rome*,
 Your State is better than my fatal Doom.
 Weeping he writ, this Seal the Paper bears,
 Not with his Mouth was moisten'd, but his Tears.
 If any ask the Occasion of my Woe,
 The Author wishes I the Cause should show.
 No Leaves the Woods, no Grass adorns the Fields,
 And *Isther* froze a hoary Prospect yields.
 Such fond Inquirers may demand as well,
 And I the Cause as easily could tell.
 Why *Phyletetes*, bitten by a Snake,
 Mourn'd, or why *Priam* griev'd for *Hector's* sake.
 Oh that the Author was in such a State,
 He'd no Occasion to lament his Fate.

Yet as he ought he bears his cruel Pain,
 Nor like a Colt resists the Bit in vain.
 He hopes that *Cæsar's* Ire may cease by Time,
 Knowing that Errors only caus'd his Crime.
 With you he *Cæsar's* Goodness calls to Mind,
 Which, by his own Example, great he finds.
 Guilty, he keeps his Wealth, and still does Live
 A Citizen, all this does *Cæsar* give.
 But you I always in my Mind do bear,
 And you, of all Things, are to me most dear.
 You are his *Pylades*, his *Patroclus* too,
Theseus and *Nilus* both he finds in you.
 Nor does the Exile more desire to view
 His Native Country, than to visit you,
 And see your Face, as fragrant Honey sweet,
 Which *Attick* Bees on *Hybla's* Roses get.
 His happy Hours he to his Mind does call,
 And grieves that Death did not prevent his Fall.
 When some forc'd Spirits shun'd my catching Woe,
 Nor durst near my Contagious Threshold go;
 You still remain'd, and others unappall'd,
 If Two or Three are rightly others call'd;
 O'erwhelm'd with Woe; yet I could well perceive,
 At my sad State you did sincerely grieve.
 He does your Sighs, and dying Accents tell,
 And how your Eyes with briny Tears did swell.
 The Mem'ry of which he says shall ne'er be lost,
 Whether he lives, or sees the *Stygian* Coast.
 By his own Head, by which he us'd to swear,
 By yours, to him, which as his own is dear.
 To so much Goodness he'll be grateful found,
 Nor shall your Kindness Plough a barren Ground.

Defend

Defend a banish'd Man, his Fame and Wealth,
I ask what he demands not for himself.

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid does celebrate the welcome Day,
On which his Wife first saw the rising Morn,
And to the Gods does most devoutly pray,
That to a lucky Fate she may be Born.*

ELEGY V.

TH'E circling Day on which my Wife was Born,
Blesses the Year with this auspicious Morn.
The Honour due to this returning Light,
My Love exacts, and each Religious Rite.
Sacred a Day thus old *Laertes* Son
Made to his Wife, as through the World he run.
Now let my Tongue forget its former Woe,
Which now, perchance, may brisker Language know.
Now let my Shoulders white Apparel bear,
And Cloaths, unlike the Author's Fortune, wear.
A verdant Altar shall of Turf be made,
And flow'ry Garlands shall around be laid.
Boy bring the Incense to perfume this Shrine,
And in the lazy Flames throw hissing Wine.
I wish this Morning still may hasten here,
Prosperous and Gay, and unlike mine appear.

If Fate malignant hovers o'er my Wife,
 I'll bear her Ills, and lead the unhappiest Life.
 And let my Vessel, torn by many a Blast,
 Now Sail serenely through the Seas at last.
 May in her House and Daughter she delight,
 It is enough I want that wish'd-for Sight.
 Tho' in her Husband she unhappy be,
 Let her, in other Things, from Care be free ;
 May she live still, and Love her absent Spouse,
 And spend in Ease the Hours which Fate allows.
 But oh, I fear that my unlucky Fate
 May bring Infection to her quiet State.
 Nothing is sure, who'd think a Bard whom *Sulmo*

(bore,

Should keep this Feast upon the *Pontick* Shore ?
 See how the Smoke in azure Clouds ascends,
 And to'ards the *Italian* Shore its Journey bends.
 Clouds have their Sense, which these their Motions.

(show,

What they foretel I don't pretend to know.
 When those two Brothers at the Altar stood,
 Who shed with cruel Hands each other's Blood,
 In two black Clouds the mounting Flames did rise,
 As if commanded so to reach the Skies.
 Thus sage *Chalimachus* the Story told,
 Which once I Fictitious thought, and much too bold.
 Now I believe, since these wise Clouds prepare
 To make a Voyage to'ards the *Ausonian* Air.
 Had not this Day blush'd in the rising East,
 I never more had Celebrated Feast.
 This happy Day to Virtues great gave Birth,
 As ever shin'd upon the fertile Earth.
 A constant Faith and Chastity was born
 With her, but yet my Wife is most forlorn.

Sorrow

Sorrow and Cares, and an unequal Fate
 Attends her Life, and a sad Widow's State.
 Yet Virtues by Adversity are try'd,
 And merit Fame when they the Test abide,
 Had not *Ulysses* seen sad cloudy Days,
Penelope had lost Eternal Praise.
Evadne still to Fame had been unknown,
 Had not her Lord at *Thebes* been overthrown.
 Of *Pelia's* Daughters one is prais'd by Fame,
 Marrying a wretched Spouse she got a Name.
 Had not her Lord first touch'd the *Trojan* Shore
 Of *Laodamia*, we had heard no more.
 And your Affection had been still unknown,
 If Gales severe hadn't on my Vessel blown.
 You Gods and *Cæsar*, who to you shall go,
 When he has liv'd out *Nestor's* Years below,
 Indulge not me, who but just Pains receive,
 But spare my Wife who does unjustly grieve.

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid implores his faithful Friend,
 Not to Desert him to the End.*

ELEGY VI.

YOU that was once the Hope of my Affairs,
 The Refuge and the Haven of my Cares,
 Forget not now your Friend in his Distress,
 Your pious Love by your Concern exprefs,

You

You should have bore no Portion of my Grief,
 Or should persist in a sincere Relief.
 My *Palinurus* in the raging Sea
 Deserts my Bark, do not abandon me.
Automedon from Battle never flew,
 Nor from the Field *Pelides* Steeds withdrew.
 The sick *Podolius* undertook he still
 To cure, persisted with unwearied Skill.
 Better not entertain than leave a Guest,
 Upon your Altar let me firmly rest.
 At first you only thought to help your Friend,
 Me and your Judgment both do you defend.
 If no new Fault, or no Offence of mine,
 Changes that long and constant Faith of thine ;
 The Breath which I in *Scythia* fetch'd so slow,
 I wish may first out of my Body go,
 E'er any Fault of mine your Anger move,
 Or that I seem unworthy of your Love.
 So much I am not by hard Fate oppress'd,
 That length of Sorrow should distract my Breast.
 But say I'm mov'd, e'en *Agamemnon's* Son,
 Against his Friend did into Passions run.
 'Tis true, *Orestes* often struck the Youth,
 Yet he persisted in his constant Truth.
 In this the Wretched with the Great compare,
 Both must be flatter'd with officious Care.
 We give the Way both to the Blind, and those
 Who draw Respect from their Embroider'd
 (Cloaths.
 Indulge my Fortune, tho' you spare not me,
 Now with your Friend you must not angry be.
 The least of Sorrows which my Breast sustains,
 Exceeds the Grief of which my Friend complains.
 As Ditches cover'd by submissive Reed,
 Or as the Bees which do on *Hybla* feed.

[III]

Or like the Grains which by the Ants are found,
And carry'd by small Channels under Ground,
Such numerous Troops of Sorrows round me press,
That my Complaints can't be in Reason less.
Who's not content therewith, may vainly pour
Urns in the Sea, or strew with Sand the Shore.
Therefore, my Friend, your ill-tim'd Rage appease,
Nor leave my Bark tost by the angry Seas.

The A R G U M E N T.

*Ovid his Misery repeats,
And the wild Manners of the Getes.*

E L E G Y VII.

FROM that wild Shore this sad Epistle came,
Where *Isther* loses in the Sea its Name.
If you enjoy your Life, and balmy Health,
I shall be fortunate in that my self.
Doubtless, my Friend, you enquire to know my
(State
Of Life, 'tis still this mournful Exile's Fate
To be most wretched; who our Prince offends,
To such the Gods no better Fortune sends.
If you're inquisitive to have me tell,
What sort of People here in *Tomos* dwell;
Græcians and *Getes* inhabit this wild Shore,
The *Greeks* are numerous, but the *Getes* are more.

Getes

Getes and Sarmatians here in Squadrons ride,
 And in their Horses take a barbarous Pride.
 Each Horseman bears a Quiver, and a Bow,
 And venom'd Shafts, which purple Death bestow.
 Fierce is their Voice, cancel as Death their Look,
 No squalled Hair is from their Visage took.
 Prompt to shed Blood, and ready still to wound
 With pointed Knives, which to their Sides are
 (bound.

With these he lives who's mindful still of you,
 These Savages I hourly hear and view.
 May I live here, nor in these Regions die,
 May my pale Ghost from these sad Climates fly.
 You write, my Verse in Theatres is sung,
 And that the Benches with Applauses rung.
 Verse for the Stage you know I never writ,
 Nor do I prize Applauses of the Pit.
 But yet I'm pleas'd, and proud to a Degree,
 That *Rome*, in Banishment, remembers me.
 But when I think upon the cruel Pain
 Caus'd by my Verse, *Thalia* I disdain.
 I curse my Muse, yet from her Charms not freed,
 Bleeding I hug the Dart that makes me bleed.
 My Ship ne'er in the *Eubean* Currents lost,
 Ventures to Sail on the *Capharean* Coast.
 Thoughtless of Praise, and unconcern'd for Fame,
 I flight, which I could wish unknown, my Name.
 With studying I amuse or please my Mind,
 And hope from thence Ease of my Pains to find.
 What should I do on this deserted Shore?
 What other Aid can this lost Wretch implore?
 The Place is dismal, such neglected Plains,
 And barren Wilds this World alone contains.
 The Men unworthy of their sacred Forms,
 As Wolves are cruel, or as Winter Storms.

They

They fear no Laws, but on their Power depend,
 Justice and Right to Force superior bend.
 Cautious of Cold the Skins of Beasts they wear,
 And their grim Visages are hid with Hair.
 In some of them a little *Greek* is found,
 Made harsh and barbarous by the *Getick* sound.
 Skilful in *Latin* scarce these Regions can
 Produce the Instance of a single Man.
 Even I, a *Roman* Bard, great God of Day
 Forgive the Crime, speak the *Sarmatick* way.
 Asham'd, I own, that thro' Disuse I find,
 The *Latin* Tongue I scarce can call to Mind.
 A thousand barbarous Words this Book deface,
 Not by my Fault occasion'd, but the Place.
 But lest my Native Language I should lose,
 The Phrase forgetting by too long disuse.
 Oft to my Study I alone retreat,
 And to my self unusual Words repeat.
 'Tis thus I spend my Time, and strive to go,
 Far from the Contemplation of my Woe.
 By Verse I study to forget my Pain,
 If I get this, 'tis all I would obtain.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Poet breathes his just Complaint
Against a Wretch had done him Wrong,
And says that Cæsar his Restraint
Will easier make e'er it be long.*

ELEGY VIII.

'TIS true, I'm fall'n, my blooming Hopes decline,
But yet my State is not so low as thine.
What is the Cause you're so injurious grown?
Why Smile you at that Fate may be your own?
Cannot my Sorrows make you soft and mild?
Even Beasts might Pity me, tho' fierce and wild.
Fear you not Fortune, which unsteady stands,
Nor yet that hated Goddesses Commands.
On you *Rhamnusia* her Revenge will take,
Because my Grief you your Diversion make.
I've seen a Ship in shatter'd pieces burst,
Yet never thence inferr'd the Waves were just.
Who once refus'd to give a Beggar Meat,
Amongst the Beggars has been forc'd to eat.
Fortune still ranges with uneven Pace,
And ne'er is fix'd in any certain Place.
Sometimes she's fond, sometimes the Jilt does
(hate,
And's only constant in a changing State.
I flourish'd once, but soon that Flow'r did fade,
Alas, too soon my sudden Glaze decay'd.

But

But least you should at this a Pleasure find,
 Know that the Gods, perchance, may be more kind.
 My Fault's not Wicked, tho' it merit Blame,
 And Envy's wanting to encrease my Shame.
 A milder Man ne'er does the rising Sun
 Than *Cæsar* see, tho' round the World it run.
 And tho' by Force ne'er quits the dusty Field,
 Yet soft Entreaties always make him yield,
 And, like the Gods, to whom (tho' late) he'll go,
 At length he Pardons, and does Gifts bestow.
 Observe the Days that circle in a Year,
 You'll find one Morning often dark and clear.
 Think upon this, and then rejoice no more,
 That *Cæsar* will my ruin'd State restore.
 Think that my Prince appeas'd, the Gods may doom
 That I shall see you in Imperial *Rome*;
 And see you banish'd from the *Roman* Race,
 Which Wish I next unto my former Place.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Poet says for fear of Blame,
 His constant Friend he dares not Name.*

ELEGY IX.

IF you your Name would suffer in my Verse,
 The pleasing Sound how oft should I rehearse.
 'Tis you the Subject of my Song should be,
 And every tuneful Page should mention thee.

My

My Love for you should through proud *Rome* be
(spread,

If banish'd *Ovid's* in the Cities read.

On you this Age, and future Times should smile,
In Case my Works survive my Funeral Pile.

To you each learned Reader praise shall give,
And your dear Name should with your Poet
(live.

Next to the Gods to you my Thanks I owe,
That *Cæsar* does on me my Life bestow.

He gave me Life, and you my Life maintain,
And from his Gift almost divert the Pain.

When some to see my Ruin were dismay'd,
And others were for Company afraid.

When some beheld my Shipwreck from the Land,
And would not too my Aid extend their Hand,
Your Kindness snatch'd me from the *Strygian*
(Shade,

And me still mindful of your Favours made.

May Heaven and *Cæsar* still to thee be kind,
A longer Prayer can't more express my Mind.

This in my other Books I would have brought
To light, in Case you had so fitting thought.

Now, tho' oblig'd strictly to hold her Peace,
My Muse, from naming you, can hardly cease.

As Couples can't confine the straggling Hound,
When he the footing of a Deer has found.

As the Race-Steed, impatient of the Rein,
Is all on fire to scour the dusty Plain.

So my *Thalia*, fetter'd and confin'd
From naming you, is so to do inclin'd.

Yet lest my Love should hurt you any Way,
Fear not, I will your strict Commands obey.

Because you think I always think on you,
Which you forbid not, I am thankful too.

And

And whilst this high preserving Life I view,
My Soul shall always serve and honour you.

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid complains that he has spent
Three Years in dismal Banishment.*

ELEGY X.

SINCE we to *Pontus* came, the *Isther* twice
Was froze, the drowfy *Euxine* Ocean thrice.
But yet to me as long the Time does seem,
As when the *Greeks* fought near *Scamander's* stream.
Time seems to stand, its Motions are so slow,
And the dull Hours a lazy Journey go.
Nothing the Solstice from Night takes away,
Nor does the Winter shorter make the Day.
Quite chang'd, the Course of Nature backward
(goes,
And all Things here are lengthen'd with my Woes.
Or does swift Time his usual Course run on,
And only seem to me, an Exile, long?
Whilst I complain upon the *Euxine* Shore,
Truly called *Scythia*, and my Fate deplore,
Fierce Wars the Nations round about me threat,
Who their Subsistence still by Plunder get.
Nothing is safe without they Intrench the Hill,
And Nature makes the Accesses harder still.
Like Flocks of Birds the Foes come flying in,
Who snatch their Booty e'er they well are seen.
Into

Into the Streets sometimes their Javelins fall,
 And Clouds of Arrows shade the Frontier Wall.
 If any here to Plough the Earth are bold,
 Their Arms and Plough at the same Time they
 (hold.

The Shepherd here is not from Armour freed,
 The same Hands fight that stop his sounding
 (Reed,
 And not by Wolves, but Wars, fat Weathers
 (bleed.

The Castle scarce defends us, where we fear,
 Because the Barbarous 'mongst the *Greeks* appear.
 With us the *Savages* in Numbers dwell,
 And Houses, more than we, in their Possession, tell.
 Whom tho' some fear not, yet they dreadful are,
 Cover'd with Skins of Beasts, and shaggy Hair.
 Those who from *Greece* their Origin profess,
 Their Bodies in the *Persian* Manner dress.
 They use the Language of a Neighbouring Land,
 By Signs all this they let me understand.
 By them the *Latin* not at all is known,
 All Tongues the *Getes* despise, except their own.
 When I am present they on me reflect,
 And as a Crime my Banishment object.
 When they express Resentment in their Face,
 By Signs I make their Passion soon give Place.
 Injustice is much sharper than the Sword,
 Some in the Court with Wounds are often gor'd.
 Hard *Lachesis* you gave too long a Thread
 Of Life to me, under ill Planets bred.
 'Tis very hard to want my Country's fight,
 And those few Friends in which I took Delight.
 Thus into *Scythia* 'tis a Grief to come,
 But 'tis a greater to abandon *Rome*.
 What makes me rave thus, I deserv'd to Die,
 When I offended *Cæsar's* Majesty.

The

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid persuades his Mourning Wife
Not to lead a wretched Life ;
Nor think Disgrace to her is meant,
'Cause some object he is to Exile sent.*

ELEGY XI.

YOUR Letter tells me your uneasie Life,
Because you're call'd a ruin'd Exile's Wife.
That I'm ill us'd, not any Grief I know,
By Time accusom'd to experienc'd Woe.
But I'm concern'd, where only I'm to blame,
My Fault should turn to your opprobrious Shame.
Be patient, more you suffer'd for my Sake,
When *Cæsar* first on me did Vengeance take:
But he's deceiv'd who me an Exile calls,
Upon my Fault a Pain much easier falls.
My Ship, tho' bilg'd, is not o'erwhelm'd nor
(drown'd,
It still bears up, tho' it no Port hath found.
Cæsar does both my Life and Fortune give,
When I, in Justice, not deserv'd to live.
But to offend him is my greatest Pain,
I'd rather much low in the Earth have lain;
Because from Error came my Venial Fault,
Only to banish me he proper thought.
Therefore my Verses, as in Justice bound,
Cæsar's, the sacred Name, shall ever sound.
I pray

I pray the Gods to close Heaven's silver Gate,
 And take you from your Earthly Empire late.
 But you who thus contend to cause my Shame,
 Swell not my Sorrows by a fictitious Name.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Poet to his Friend does Write,
 Who in the Muses bid him take Delight.*

ELEGY XII.

YOU write that I should pass my Hours away
 In Study, lest my Mind with Rust decay.
 'Tis hard, my Friend, to write, oppress'd with Woe,
 In happy Hours smooth Numbers only flow.
 My Fortune's driven by an adverse Wind,
 And Chance can be to no one more unkind.
 At *Hector's* Death you would have *Priam* Jest,
 And *Niobe* Dance at a jovial Feast.
 Is he oblig'd to Study or Lament,
 Who to the farthest *Getes* an Exile's sent?
 Had I a Breast such as *Augustus* had,
 So many Sufferings would make me Mad;
 So many Cares would blunt his Wit at length,
Jove's Anger is above all human Strength.
 Him who rever'd *Apollo* wise did call,
 In such a Case would have no Sense at all.
 Tho' I forget my Country, and my self,
 And have no Thought of my abandon'd Wealth,
 Yet

Yet Sense of Fear alone restrains my Pen,
 Encompast round by the most Savage Men.
 Besides, my Fancy by a long Disuse
 Flags, and doth half its former Vigour lose.
 Neglected Fields, void of the Tiller's Care,
 Will only Thorns and prickly Thistles bear.
 By long Disuse the Courser's Vigour's lost,
 Inglorious late, he kicks the Measur'd Post.
 The Bark which not of late the Ocean bore,
 Rots and decays upon the Ouzie Shore.
 Then hope not I, who had no mighty Vein,
 Should my first Heat, and former Fire retain.
 My Genius by long Suff'ring is decay'd,
 My Parts grow dull, and all my Fancies fade.
 Sometimes, 'tis true, I set myself to write,
 And feign I would Sonorous Verse endite.
 None can I write but what these Tables bear,
 Worthy the Place, and the sad Author's Care.
 The Sense of Fame does mighty Thoughts inspire,
 And Love of Praise fans the Poetick Fire.
 I was allur'd by fancied Fame before,
 Whilst prosperous Winds my lucky Vessel bore,
 But now I slight that airy Bubble Fame,
 And wish'd conceal'd my Person and my Name.
 Because some few did in my Verse delight,
 Must I persist in Numbers still to write?
 Forgive what I affirm, you sacred Nine,
 'Twas you that caus'd this Banishment of mine,
 Who made the Brazen Bull first felt the Smart
 Of that Machine, I perish by my Art.
 And now with Verse I've Reason to have done,
 And Shipwreck'd, with just Cause, the Ocean
 (shun.
 Allow I should my former Task repeat,
 This Place unfit is for the Muses Seat.

No Books nor Audience on this desert Coast
 Are seen, but if I read, my Labour's lost.
 All Things are here both wild and barb'rous found,
Eccho alone repeats the *Getick* sound.
 Amongst the Barbarous *Getes* I've liv'd so long,
 I've quite forgot my Native *Latin* Tongue.
 But yet the Truth sincerely to confess,
 Still to the Muses I myself Address.
 I w:it, and straight my labour'd Verses burn,
 The Flames my Works soon into Ashes turn.
 I would not yet, I am compell'd to write,
 This makes me burn my Verses out of Spight;
 None of my Works but what the Fire escape,
 As far as *Rome* their tedious Journey make.
 I wish my Books, th' Occasion of my smart,
 Had perish'd with their wretched Master's Art.

The ARGUMENT.

*Here Ovid chides his faithful Friend,
 Who seldom Letters did to Tomos send.*

ELEGY XIII.

FROM wild *Sarmatia* Ovid sends you Health,
 If I can send you what I want myself;
 My Body's weak, its Vigour is declin'd,
 Drawing Contagion from my sickly Mind.
 My wounded Sides in deadly Torments burn,
 Hurt with the Icy Winter's cold return.

But

But if you're well, your Friend is partly so,
 You propt my Fortune, when o'ercaſt with Woe.
 You who have ſhew'd yourſelf the deareſt Friend,
 And did to all Extreameſ my Cauſe defend.
 That you ſo rarely write ſeems much amiſs,
 You're kind and good, but yet you err in this.
 Correſt this Fault, which if you do alone,
 No Error in your Conduct will be known.
 More I could ſay, yet Letters you might ſend,
 Perchance might ne'er reach your expecting Friend.
 Grant, equal Gods, that falſly I accuſe,
 One whom I ſhould with much more Juſtice uſe.
 It may be ſo, for well I know your Mind
 Steady and Firm is, not to Change inclin'd.
 The Ocean's Verge Green Vaze ſhall firſt forſake,
 And Bees no more near *Hybla* Honey make.
 E'er I'll believe my Friend is unſincere,
 I'm wretched, yet my Fate ſ'not ſo ſevere.
 You on your Part this Jealouſie remove,
 And give this Inſtance of your ſteady Love.
 And as we dwelt upon each other's Tongue,
 And never thought the Circling Hours long.
 So let us now our mutual Thoughts diſcloſe,
 Whiſt each the other's Mind by Letter knows.
 I add no more, leſt you ſay I diſtruſt
 Too much, and to your Friendſhip am unjuſt.
 Take my Farewel, which does each Letter end,
 And may a happier Fate your Life attend.

The ARGUMENT.

*Ovid affirms the Muse can give,
The Heroine a Deathless Name,
And that his Wife shall ever live;
Inserted in his Verse, secure of Fame.*

ELEGY XIV.

YOU see what stately Tombs (my dearest Life)
The Muse prepares for my obliging Wife.
Altho' ill Fortune does my Life invade,
Yet you are Famous by my Numbers made.
Whilst I am read, you too shall share my Fame,
And all your better Part escape the Flame.
Whilst you seem wretched, some would undergoe,
By Choice your Fate, proud of so Fam'd a Woe.
And some, perchance, when you divide my Care,
Envy your Fate, and would like Sorrows bear.
Giving you Wealth, my Present had been less,
The Dead no Riches in the Grave possess.
By me your Fame Eternity will know,
The greatest Gift a Mortal can bestow.
Besides, your Piety's the only Guard
Of my Affairs; at once your Labour and Reward.
That charming Voice on my Account's ne'er mute,
But you with Praise persist to urge my Suit.
Retain your Faith, nor from your Duty swerve,
But both your Honour and your Spouse preserve.
Preserve that Honour which in happier Days,
Unblameable deserv'd the noblest Praise.

The same's your Virtue, now my Fate's forlorn,
 Th' illustrious Work your latter Actions Crown.
 'Tis easie to be good when Fortune smiles,
 When no ill Chance th' uncertain Faith beguiles.
 But when our whiter Hours the Gods remove,
 Then to be kind is truly Nuptial Love.
 Rare is the Faith which adverse Fortune's Crime
 Debauches not, that dares the Test of Time ;
 But yet when prest with Woes we often gain,
 A Character we ne'er should else obtain.
 Worth, when in Woe, all Men of Sense approve ;
 And After-ages will such Honour Love.
 You're sensible *Penelope's* chaste Name
 Still blooms, and swells the applauding Mouth of

(Fame

The Wives of *Hector* and *Admetus* dead,
 In Fame's Eternal Legend shall be read ;
 Fair *Laudamia's* Praise each Age shall found,
 Whose Lord first leap'd upon the *Trojan* Ground ;
 Die not for me, but faithful be, and kind,
 My Dear may Praise by easie Methods find ;
 Say not I think you in your Duty fail,
 I but add Oars to a Ship under Sail ;
 Who bids you do such Acts as you have done,
 Confirms the Fame you have already won ;
 And *Hippias*, who to get a virtuous Name,
 Durst plunge herself into her Funeral Flame.

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